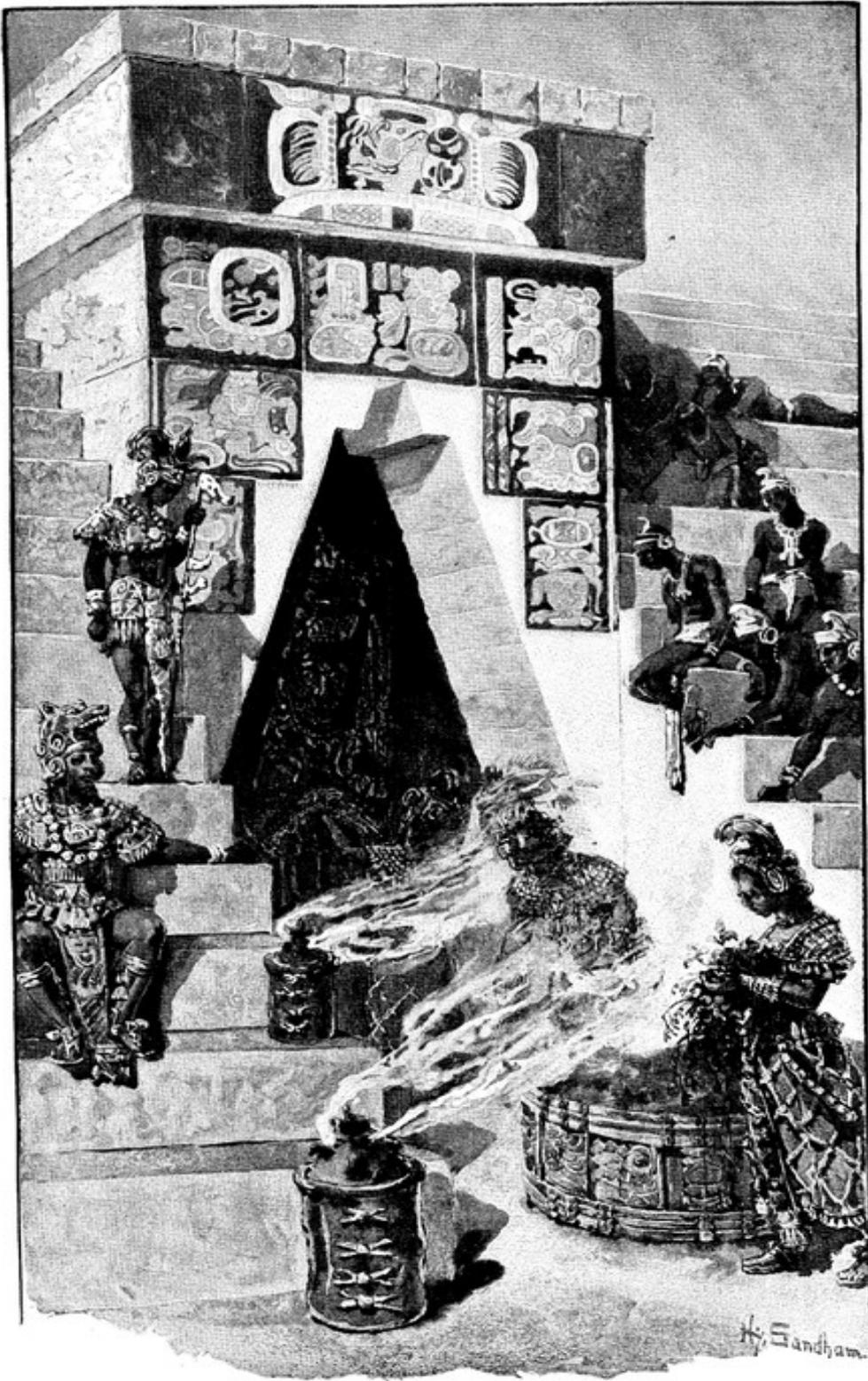


# CENTURY ANTHOLOGY

WITH SIDE-STEPS INTO CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

*A Mayan Temple, from "The Mysterious City of Honduras"*

# TO BUILD A FIRE

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea-Wolf," etc.

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He travels fastest who travels alone ... but not after the frost has dropped below zero fifty degrees or more.—Yukon Code.

Day had broken cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and climbed the high earth-bank, where a dim and little-traveled trail led eastward through the fat spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun nor hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the sky-line and dip immediately from view.

The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle, snow-covered undulations where the ice-jams of the freeze-up had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hair-line that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hair-line was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hair-line trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the tremendous cold, and the strangeness and weirdness of it all—made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a new-comer in the land, a chechaquo, and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able only to live within certain narrow limits of temperature; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, ear-flaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.

As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how much colder he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had

come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country, while he had come the roundabout way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big spruce trees. The trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, traveling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded as he rubbed his numb nose and cheek-bones with his mittenened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheek-bones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.

At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolfdog, gray-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it slink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted movement of the man as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth away from the air.

The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost, and especially were its jowls, muzzle, and eyelashes whitened by its crystallized breath. The man's red beard and mustache were likewise frosted, but more solidly, the deposit taking the form of ice and increasing with every warm, moist breath he exhaled. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the muzzle of ice held his lips so rigidly that he was unable to clear his chin when he expelled the juice. The result was that a crystal beard of the color and solidity of amber was increasing its length on his chin. If he fell down it would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. But he did not mind the appendage. It was the penalty all tobacco-chewers paid in that country, and he had been out before in two cold snaps. They had not been so cold as this, he knew, but by the spirit thermometer at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five.

He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat of rigger-heads, and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog dropped in again at his heels, with a tail drooping discouragement, as the man swung along the creek-bed. The furrow of the old sled-trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held

steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to; and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice-muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.

Once in a while the thought reiterated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his cheek-bones and nose with the back of his mitten hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped his cheek-bones went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and experienced a pang of regret that he had not devised a nose-strap of the sort Bud wore in cold snaps. Such a strap passed across the cheeks, as well, and saved them. But it didn't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber jams, and always he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek he knew was frozen clear to the bottom,--no creek could contain water in that arctic winter,--but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze these springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice-skin, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice-skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek-bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected a while, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and swung along at his four-mile gait.

In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice-particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south in its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast no shadow. At half-past twelve, to the minute, he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but instead struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled. He had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to take a mouthful, but the ice-muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also, he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wandered whether the toes were warm or numb. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numb.

He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it was cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his firewood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke. Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Possibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below freezing point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was no keen intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil-slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whiplash and of harsh and menacing throat-sounds that threatened the whiplash. So, the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man, it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whiplashes and the dog swung in at the man's heel and followed after.

The man took a chew of tobacco and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wet himself halfway to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour, for he would have to build a fire and dry out his foot-gear. This was imperative at that low temperature--he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce trees, was a high-water deposit of dry firewood--sticks and twigs, principally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last-year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation and prevented the young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch bark that he took from his pocket. This burned even more readily than paper. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero, a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire--that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.

All this the man knew. The old-timer on Sulphur Creek had told him about it the previous fall, and now he was appreciating the advice. Already all sensation had gone out of his feet. To build the fire he had been forced to remove his mittens, and the fingers had quickly gone numb. His pace of four miles an hour had kept his heart pumping blood to the surface of his body and to all the extremities. But the instant he stopped, the action of the pump eased down. The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he, being on that unprotected tip, received the full force of the blow. The blood of his body recoiled before it. The blood was alive, like the dog, and like the dog it wanted to hide away and cover itself up from the fearful cold. So long as he walked four miles an hour, he pumped that blood, willy-nilly, to the surface; but now it ebbed away and sank down into the recesses of his body. The extremities were the first to feel its absence. His wet feet froze the faster, and his exposed fingers numbed the faster, though they had not yet begun to freeze. Nose and cheeks were already freezing, while the skin of all his body chilled as it lost its blood.

But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet foot-gear, and, while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old timer on Sulphur Creek, and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish, some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising, the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig, he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends.

All of which counted for little. There was the fire, snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German

socks were like sheaths of iron halfway to the knees; and the moccasin strings were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numb fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath-knife.

But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault or, rather, his mistake. He should not have built the fire under the spruce tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree--an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster. High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail-mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail-mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and there would be some time before the second fire was ready.

Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind. He made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open, where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next, he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.

When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf-ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man, as he beat and threshed with his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.

After a time he was aware of the first far-away signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of

his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the bunch, he closed them--that is, he willed to close them, for the wires were down, and the fingers did not obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mitten hands, he scooped the bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

After some manipulation he managed to get the bunch between the heels of his mitten hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued after fifty below, a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm muscles not being frozen enabled him to press the hand-heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once! There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it. The sensation developed into pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

At last, when he could endure no more, he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcass, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger--it knew not what danger, but somewhere, somehow, in its brain arose

an apprehension of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man's voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced; but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whiplashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance, the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away, he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began threshing his arms back and forth, beating the mitten hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he plowed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again, the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough, he would reach camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him, and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface, and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury, and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

His theory of running until he reached camp and the boys had one flaw in it: he lacked the endurance. Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. As he sat and regained his breath, he noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. He was not shivering, and it even seemed that a warm glow had come to his chest and trunk. And yet, when he touched his nose or cheeks, there was no sensation. Running would not thaw them out. Nor would it thaw out his hands and feet. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, to forget it, to think of something else; he was aware of the panicky feeling that it caused, and he was afraid of the panic. But the thought asserted itself, and persisted, until it produced a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much, and he made another wild run along the trail. Once he slowed down to a walk, but the thought of the freezing extending itself made him run again.

And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appealingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around like a chicken with its head cut off--such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an anaesthetic. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

"You were right, old hoss; you were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shifting of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and fire-providers.

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## A Farewell

by Harriet Monroe

Century Magazine

Volume 57, Issue 4 (February, 1899)

Good-by: nay, do not grieve that it is over—

    The perfect hour;

That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,

    Flits from the flower.

Grieve not; it is the law. Love will be flying—

    Yea, love and all.

Glad was the living; blessed be the dying!

    Let the leaves fall.

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## The Mysterious City of Honduras:

### An Account of Recent Discoveries in Copan,

by George Byron Gordon

Century Magazine Volume 55, Issue 3 (January, 1898)

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The exploits of Cortez and the conquest of Mexico, rendered into popular literature by Prescott, are chiefly responsible for the common belief that north of the Isthmus of Panama the high-water mark of pre-Columbian civilization on the American continent was that reached by the Aztecs. It is true that at the time of the conquest the Aztecs were the dominant race; they were then at the height of their power and glory, and their influence was more extended than that of any other nation. It is not intended to detract from the brilliancy of the Aztec civilization as set forth in the testimony of eye-witnesses at the time of the conquest; but, compared with that of another civilization that had already passed away, it was as the brightness of the full meridian moon to the splendor of the sun that has already set. Nor is it claimed that the the Aztec culture was a borrowed culture. That is a matter involving vast differences of opinion; and it is characteristic that, while so much ingenuity has been wasted in vain speculation, so little has been accomplished by actual investigation that it is still a matter of dispute whether the Maya culture was developed on the soil where its remains are found, or brought with the people from parts unknown; whether the Aztecs borrowed from the Maya, or the Mayas from the Aztecs; or whether both these great nations derived their culture from the Toltecs. And again, it is claimed that the Toltecs themselves are nothing more than the figures of a sun-myth.

The two great aboriginal civilizations of the North American continent that furnish us with material for

investigation and study are those of the Aztecs and the Mayas. The relationship between them is not clearly fined; but it is noteworthy that these two peoples, having an entirely separate political existence, differing radically in language and customs, had legends which appear to have had a community of origin in some indefinitely remote past.

From the valley of Mexico, the center of its power and influence, the Aztec civilization at the time of the conquest had spread itself to the Gulf of Mexico and to the Pacific Ocean, to the river Panuco on the north and to the Gulf of Tehuantepec on the south, with small outlying colonies still farther south.

The broad plains of Yucatan and the fertile valleys of Central America comprise the theater where the much older Maya civilization had its rise, culmination, and decline—the unrecorded acts in a very imposing drama played long ago by actors whose names have been forgotten. Yes; long before the dream of western empire began to fill the minds of Europeans, firing the ambition of kings, and inciting the adventurous spirits of the time, full of the romantic daring of the age of chivalry, and thirsting for conquest, to seek fortune and fame at all hazards in the golden regions to the west,—centuries before the kingdom of the Montezumas, whose evil destiny it was to fall a prey to these avaricious and unprincipled men, had risen to power and glory in the beautiful valley of Mexico,—the curtain had already fallen on the last sad scene that closed another empire's career. On the arrival of the Spaniards the scepter of the Mayas had already passed away, and their ruined cities were the conqueror's spoil.

It is true that at the time of the conquest there was a remnant of a population on the peninsula of Yucatan,—a number of tribes who still haunted the vicinity of the deserted cities,—and these are generally believed to have been the descendants of the builders, though this is by no means certain. They called themselves Maya people; their language, they said, was Mayathan, the Maya speech; and their ancient capital they called Mayapan, which means literally the Maya banner, and in this connection means the Maya capital. This was the first acquaintance of Europeans with the name Maya. At the present day the name is applied generically to all the affiliated tribes speaking dialects derived from the same ancient stock as the Maya proper, and specifically to that ancient civilization the remains of which are found scattered over Yucatan and Central America.

Whatever the origin of the people whom the Spaniards found in Yucatan, they doubtless had traditions, however vague, reaching back to the time when the great changes involving the rise and fall of the populous cities were going on. Some of these traditions have been handed down to us by the early missionaries—perverted, indeed, through the efforts of the ecclesiastical mind to interpret them in the light of the Holy Scriptures, but still of inestimable value to the student who, by a vigorous application of critical analysis, may be able to restore them to some semblance of their natural shape. Even then they will serve not to satisfy, but only to whet, his appetite. His task will not be an easy or yet altogether a pleasant one; for it is a melancholy picture these monkish writings present of the intellectual thraldom that bore the name of learning in that day. Full of the fantasies and imagery of the East, those who undertook to teach the Indians were unable to comprehend a traditional knowledge of institutions more advanced and an intelligence far more liberal than their own.

### The Mayas a Literary People

Not only did traditions exist in the minds of the people, but many of the old Indian families still preserved their books, the remnants of once extensive libraries, in which the history, traditions, and customs of the people were recorded. All these books that the Spanish priests could lay their hands upon they burned. Four only have come down to us—priceless relics that in some unknown manner found their way into European libraries, where they lay hidden until unearthed by scholars of recent

years. The books of the Mayas consisted of long strips of paper made from maguey fiber, and folded after the manner of a screen so as to form pages about nine by five inches; these were covered with hieroglyphic characters, very neatly drawn by hand, in brilliant colors. Boards were fastened on the outside pages, and the completed book looked like a neat volume of large octavo size. The characters in which they are written are the same as those found upon the stone tablets and monuments in the ruined cities of Palenque and Copan. This system of writing, which is entirely distinct from the picture-writing of the Aztecs, was the exclusive possession of the Mayas. It was a highly developed system, and, as investigations have shown, embraced a number of phonetic elements. In this respect, as in many others, the Mayas were far in advance of any other American people. A venerable but vague and elusive legend that has come down to us ascribes the invention of these characters to Itzamná, the Maya Cadmus, a great hero-god who, in the beginning of their history as a nation, led the people from the East across the sea, gave them laws, and ruled over them for many years.

It is not possible here to enter into a discussion of this system of writing, the explanation of which forms one of the great problems in American archæology; nor shall I attempt to review what has been accomplished toward its solution. Although nothing has yet been found that will enable any living man to decipher a single inscription, the results attained by the labor of a number of eminent scholars here and abroad give ground for the hope that future investigations will bear more fruitful results.

Not only were the Mayas a literary people, but they had also a turn for mathematics, and attained considerable proficiency in the use of figures. They possessed a well-developed system of numeration, in which they counted by units and scores—a vigesimal system. Its chief application seems to have been in their time-reckoning and the adjustment of the calendar. The Maya chronological scheme embraced two time-counts. The basis of one was the astronomical year of three hundred and sixty-five days, beginning on the day of the transit of the sun by the zenith; it was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, which gave a period of three hundred and sixty days, just as in the Egyptian year, which was divided into twelve months of thirty days each; and, like the Egyptians, the Mayas added the remaining five days required to complete the solar year at the end of the last month. The years were arranged in cycles of twenty years, called katunes; and thirteen katunes, or two hundred and sixty years, made an ahau katun or king katun.

But in matters pertaining to their sacred functions and religious rites the Maya priests adhered to the older reckoning, the basis of which was the ceremonial year of two hundred and sixty days, not derived from astronomical relations, but from mythical notions. The task of reconciling these two time-counts and preventing confusion occupied the attention of the scholars, and led to the development of a very capable system of mathematics.

In this connection we are familiar with the numeral signs from one to nineteen, thus: the numbers from one to four are represented by dots; a bar signifies five; a bar and a dot, six; ten is written by two bars; and so on up to nineteen, the sign of which is three bars and four dots. After this number the signs employed are in doubt. The names of the months and days, and the symbols for the same, are also known.

So much has been learned from the writings of the missionaries and from the books of the "Chilian Balam." These latter were written during the half-century immediately following the conquest, in different parts of Yucatan. They are written in the Maya language, but in Roman characters, by natives who had acquired a knowledge of writing from the missionaries. The name "Chilian Balam" seems to have been the title of a class of native priests whose duty it was to teach the sciences, and who doubtless continued, long after their forced profession of Christian doctrines, to transmit in secret the

learning derived from their ancestors.

### Explorations, Early and Late

With such preparation as is afforded by this preliminary outfit of knowledge, the archæologist turns to the material remains that lie buried in the soil of the ancient empire to seek a clue to the history of the people and the origin of their civilization. He is met at the outset by the problem of the inscriptions. There stand the tablets and monuments the silent characters of which contain the very clue he is in search of; and until these are read the lost page of history can never be restored. Still, we shall not remain altogether ignorant of that history. We may never know when or by whom the cities of Palenque and Copan were built; when and why they became a desolation and a ruin we may never learn: but by a careful study of the material relics at our command we may, without any claim to supernatural vision, in a measure unveil this mystery of the past, and hold our discourse with the vanished people.

Stephens and Catherwood led the way, and opened up a path into this previously unknown field of exploration. Much has since been accomplished by others, chiefly in Yucatan; and the names of Maudslay, Thompson, Charnay, and Le Plongeon will always be known in connection with important discoveries.

In 1891 the Peabody Museum of Archæology at Harvard University, after having carried on explorations in Yucatan, established, under an edict of the government of Honduras, a systematic course of explorations on the site of the prehistoric city of Copan. These have been continued with gratifying results, and, with the additional fruit of a few more years of uninterrupted labor, will be the means of letting a flood of light into this obscure corner of human history.

The explorations have been brought about by Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, who, in conjunction with other patrons of science, has facilitated the work which has been carried on with remarkable success under the supervision of Professor Putnam, the curator of the museum.

The first expedition was in charge of Mr. M. H. Saville and Mr. J. G. Owens. The history of the second, which set out in the fall of 1892, was made tragic by the melancholy death of Mr. Owens, the director, who fell a victim to a malignant fever contracted on the deadly lowlands. This was the occasion of my first experience at Copan; since then I have visited the ruins each year, remaining from six to nine months, or until the heavy rains put a stop to the excavations. Our supplies of provisions, tools for clearing the forest and excavating, surveying apparatus, matrix-paper for taking impressions of the monuments, photographic materials, etc., were shipped to Yzabal, on the Atlantic coast of Guatemala, and from there transported on pack-mules to the scene of our labors. The only roads are rough mountain trails, which in places are sometimes impassable; and the journey from Yzabal to the ruins is a toilsome one of several days. We have been beset by many difficulties; for, besides the vicissitudes of climate, the hardships to be endured in a wild and secluded region, and the constant persecution arising from the teeming activity and pernicious habits of insect life that make existence a bitter curse, our work has frequently been obstructed by wars, the strife of rival factions arising from the unsettled political condition of the country, so that the men upon whom we depended as workmen, if not employed in the defense of the government, were avoiding that occupation by hiding in the mountains.

Copan is the name by which the most remarkable and ancient of the prehistoric cities of the New World is known to us. Whether or not this was the name by which the city was known to its ancient dwellers we do not know; but when we consider the etymology of the word, its appropriateness would seem to suggest a probability in its favor. In the Maya language the substantive pan, as has already appeared,

signified primarily "standard"; and when applied to a city as a part of its name, it was equivalent to "capital." Thus, as Mayapan was the capital of Maya, so Copan would be the capital of Co, a name that appears in no written record known to us. The internal evidence of the ruins tends to convince us that Copan is still more ancient than Palenque in Chiapas; and while both belong to that great civilization known to us as Maya, they were not necessarily contemporaneous. It seems more probable that the former was the earlier home of the race that founded the later empire of Maya in Yucatan and Chiapas. Co may have been the ancestor of Maya.

### One of the Greatest Mysteries of the Ages

Hidden away among the mountains of Honduras, in a beautiful valley which, even in that little-traveled country, where remoteness is a characteristic attribute of places, is unusually secluded, Copan is one of the greatest mysteries of the ages. After the publication (in 1840) of Stephens's account of his visit to the ruins, which made them known for the first time to the world, the interest awakened by his graphic description, and the drawings that accompanied it from the skillful pencil of Catherwood, relapsed; and until within the last decade writers on the subject of American archæology were dependent entirely for information concerning Copan upon the writings of Stephens, which were regarded by many with skepticism and mistrust. Not only do the recent explorations confirm the account given by Stephens as regards the magnitude and importance of the ruins, but the collection of relics now in the Peabody Museum is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that here are the remains of a city, unknown to history, as remarkable and as worthy of our careful consideration as any of the ancient centers of civilization in the Old World. Whatever the origin of its people, this old city is distinctly American—the growth of American soil and environment. The gloomy forest, the abode of monkeys and jaguars, which clothed the valley at the time of Stephens's visit, was in great part destroyed about thirty years ago by a colony from Guatemala, who came to plant in the fertile soil of the valley the tobacco for which, much more than for the ruins, that valley is famous throughout Central America to-day. They left the trees that grew upon the higher structures, forming a picturesque grove, a remnant of which still remains—a few cedars and ceibas of gigantic proportions, clustered about the ruins of the temples, shrouding them in a somber shade, and sending their huge roots into the crevices and unexplored chambers and vaults and galleries of the vast edifices.

The area comprised within the limits of the old city consists of a level plain seven or eight miles long and two miles wide at the greatest. This plain is covered with the remains of stone houses, doubtless the habitations of the wealthy. The streets, squares, and courtyards were paved with stone, or with white cement made from lime and powdered rock, and the drainage was accomplished by means of covered canals and underground sewers built of stone and cement. On the slopes of the mountains, too, are found numerous ruins; and even on the highest peaks fallen columns and ruined structures may be seen.

On the right bank of the Copan River, in the midst of the city, stands the principal group of structures—the temples, palaces, and buildings of a public character. These form part of what has been called, for want of a better name, the Main Structure—a vast, irregular pile rising from the plain in steps and terraces of masonry, and terminating in several great pyramidal elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple which, before our excavations were begun, looked like a huge pile of fragments bound together by the roots of trees, while the slopes of the pyramids, and the terraces and pavements below, are strewn with the ruins of these superb edifices. This huge structure, unlike the great pyramids of Egypt and other ancient works of a similar character, is not the embodiment of a definite idea, built in accordance with a preconceived plan and for a specific purpose, but is rather the complex result of a long process of development, corresponding to the growth of culture, and keeping pace with the expanding tastes of the people or the demands of their national life. Its sides face the four cardinal

points; its greatest length from north to south is about eight hundred feet, and from east to west it measured originally nearly as much, but a part of the eastern side has been carried away by the swift current of the river which flows directly against it. The interior of the structure is thus exposed in the form of a cliff one hundred and twenty feet high, presenting a complicated system of buried walls and floors down to the water's edge—doubtless the remains of older buildings, occupied for a time, and abandoned to serve as foundations for more elaborate structures. Excavations have also brought to light, beneath the foundations of buildings now occupying the surface, not only the filled chambers and broken walls of older structures, but sculptured monuments as well. The theory of development, though it cannot be set aside, seems inadequate to explain this curious circumstance; and yet there is just enough difference between these art relics and those of later date to indicate a change in style and treatment. Whether or not this change continues in regular sequence lower down has not yet been determined. If, as I am inclined to believe, we shall find, away down in the lower levels, the rude beginnings from which the culture of the later period developed, we shall have pretty conclusive evidence not only that Copan is the oldest of the Maya cities, but that the Copan valley itself, with the immediate vicinity, was the cradle of the Maya civilization.

Within the Main Structure, at an elevation of sixty feet, is a court one hundred and twenty feet square, which, with its surrounding architecture, must have presented a magnificent spectacle when it was entire. It was entered from the south through a passage thirty feet in width, between two high pyramidal foundations, each supporting a temple. A thick wall, pierced in the center by a gateway, now stripped of its adornments and in ruins, guarded this passage to the south. The court itself is inclosed by ranges of steps or seats rising to a height of twenty feet, as in an amphitheater; they are built of great blocks of stone, neatly cut, and regularly laid without mortar. In the center of the western side is a stairway projecting a few feet into the court, and leading to a broad terrace above the range of seats on that side. The upper steps in this stairway are divided in the midst by the head of a huge dragon facing the court, and holding in its distended jaws a grotesque human head of colossal proportions.

To the north of the court stood the two magnificent temples, 21 and 22,[1] the massive ruins of which create a feeling that they were the work of giants. The ranges of seats and the floor of the court below are buried beneath the huge stones thrown from their walls, and by the massive sculptures that adorned the elaborate façades, as completely as if the place had been the scene of a landslide. The excavations that have been made in these ruined buildings have brought to light a very interesting lot of material. Although their ruin is too complete to allow us to form a very accurate conception of their original appearance, enough remains to prove the symmetry and excellence of their design, and the high artistic merit and sumptuous splendor of their architecture.

Temple 22, in many ways the most interesting yet explored, furnishes a typical example of this class of building. From the stone-paved terrace above the western side of the court, a great stairway, with massive steps, leads up to a platform which runs the whole length of the building, and is carried out at each end upon solid piers to the line of beginning of the steps. From the head of the stairway two graceful wing stones, extending across the platform, guard the approach to the first entrance, which gives access to the outer chambers. This doorway is nine feet wide, and was covered with a vaulted roof, now fallen. Directly opposite it, in the interior, is a second doorway, leading to the inner chambers. In front of this second entrance is a step two feet high, ornamented on the face by hieroglyphics and skulls carved in relief. At each end a huge death's-head forms a pedestal for a crouching human figure supporting the head of a dragon, the body of which is turned upward, and is lost among the scrollwork and figures of a cornice that runs above the doorway. All the interior walls were covered with a thin coat of stucco, on which figures and scenes were painted in various colors; and the cornices were adorned with stucco masks and other ornaments, likewise painted. The roofs,

with the massive towers which they supported, had fallen and filled the chambers completely. The horizontal arch formed by overlapping stones was always used in the construction of roofs—a type that is common to all the Maya cities. The outside of the building, profusely ornamented with grotesques at every line, bears witness to the ambitious prodigality of the architect, his love of adornment, and his aversion to plain surfaces—a characteristic that is manifested on all the monuments and carvings at Copan. An elaborate cornice with foliated design, adorned with plumage, all beautifully carved, ran around the four sides. Higher up, a row of portrait-like busts was also carried around the entire building. Whatever of plain surface remained was covered with pure white stucco, and the same material was used upon the sculptures to give a finish to the carving and a suitable surface for the colors that were used to produce the desired effect.

There is still another court on the same level as the one I have attempted to describe. Here rise the great stairways that lead to temples 11 and 16, the one covered with carvings and painted stucco, and the other adorned with rows of death's-heads, which give the place an air of solemnity and gloom. So deep was the impression they made on the mind of Stephens that for once he departed from his cautious reserve to indulge in speculations. He fancied they resembled the skulls of monkeys rather than of men; they reminded him of the four monstrous animals that once adorned the base of the obelisk of Luxor, now in Paris, and which, under the name of Cynocephali, were worshiped at Thebes. The analogy led him to make the suggestion that monkeys may have been worshiped as deities by the people who built Copan.

Here also stands the great altar, or table Q, with its procession of priests on the four sides, and an inscription on the top.

### The Monoliths of Copan

Climbing the steep flight of steps at the north side of the court, and standing among the ruins of temple 11, we command a view of what must have been one of the finest sights in this marvelous city, where, it would seem, the genii who attended on King Solomon had been at work. To our right are the ruins of another lofty temple (26), from the entrance of which the hieroglyphic stairway, to be described later, descended to the pavement one hundred feet below. Right in front of us the northern slope of the main structure goes down abruptly, in a broad, steep flight of steps, to the floor of the plaza, which stretches away to the north, and terminates in an amphitheater about three hundred feet square, inclosed on the eastern, northern, and western sides by ranges of seats twenty feet high. The southern side is open, except that its center is occupied by a pyramid that rose almost to a point, leaving a square platform on top. In the plaza stood the principal group of obelisks, monoliths, or stelæ, as they are variously designated, to which Copan owes its principal fame. There are fifteen in all scattered over the plaza, some overthrown and others still erect. Although affording infinite variety in detail, in general design and treatment these monuments are all the same. No verbal description can convey any idea of their appearance; the illustrations will have to speak for themselves. They average about twelve feet in height and three feet square, and are carved over the entire surface. On one side, and sometimes on two opposite sides, stands a human figure in high relief, always looking toward one of the cardinal points. Upon these personages is displayed such a wealth of ornament and insignia that the figures look overburdened and encumbered, giving the idea that the chief object of the artist was the display of such adornment. While nearly all these human figures are disproportionately short, the accurate drawing and excellent treatment of the smaller figures in the designs surrounding the principal characters show that this is not owing to deficient perception on the part of the sculptor.

The sides of the monuments not occupied by human figures are covered by hieroglyphic inscriptions.

In front of each of the figures, at a distance of a few feet, is a smaller sculpture, called an altar. These measure sometimes seven feet across and from two to four feet in height. The design sometimes represents a grotesque monster with curious adornments; but a common form of altar is a flat disk seven or eight feet in diameter, with a row of hieroglyphs around the edge. Much of the carving on these obelisks and altars is doubtless symbolical; and until this is better understood it is useless to speculate upon the character of the monuments themselves—speculations in which our ignorance would allow us unlimited scope. Two of the figures have their faces hidden by masks, a circumstance which seems to preclude the theory that they are portraits, although that is suggested by the striking individuality of many of the faces. But who can tell? The statues may be those of deified kings or heroes; on these altars a grateful people may have paid the tribute of affection; or, as some would have us believe, they may have been idols, insatiate monsters, on whose reeking altars the bloody sacrifice prevailed. But there is nothing in all the sculptures at Copan to suggest the sacrifice of human or any other victims; nothing to recall the revolting traffic in human blood that was common in Mexico down to the time of the conquest; no trace of analogy with the frightful orgies that marred the history of the Aztecs, pervading every phase of their national life, finding constant expression in their decorative art, and filling their picture-written annals with scenes of blood. We would fain believe that the Mayas were a humane and gentle people, given to generous impulses and noble deeds; that these relics of their art, in which the thought and feeling of the people strove to find expression, had for their object and inspiration a better motive than the deliberate shedding of human blood.

### The Hieroglyphic Stairway

The most extraordinary feature that our excavations have yet brought to light is the hieroglyphic stairway already referred to. Facing the plaza at the southern end, it occupied a central position on the western side of the high pyramidal elevation that forms the northern wing of the Main Structure. Even in the sad state of ruin in which we behold it now, it affords a magnificent spectacle. What must it have been in the days when it was entire, and reached from the floor of the plaza to the entrance of the temple that stood on the height a hundred feet above!

When discovered, in 1894, this stairway was completely buried beneath the debris fallen from the temple, of which not one stone remained upon another. The upper part of the stairway itself had also been thrown from its place as if by an earthquake, and lay strewn upon the lower portion. When, at length, after months of labor on which from fifty to one hundred men were employed, the fallen material was cleared away, an acre of ground was covered with broken sculptures removed during the progress of the work, and the lower steps were found unharmed. In the center of the stairway, at the base, is a throne or pedestal rising to the fifth step, and projecting eight feet in front. The design upon its face is rich in sculpture and delicate in detail. It is made up in part of handsome faces, masks, death's-heads, and scrolls, beautifully carved, and disposed with perfect symmetry; but the ensemble is perfectly unintelligible. On the face of each step in the stairway is a row of hieroglyphs, carved in medium relief, running the entire length. At intervals in the ascent the center is occupied by a human figure of noble and commanding appearance, arrayed in splendid attire, seated on the steps. The upper parts of all these figures were broken away, but the pieces of several were recovered and restored. On each side was a solid balustrade two feet thick; the upper parts of these were also broken away, but by careful study and comparison enough was recovered to enable us to make out the curious and complicated design. Portrait-like busts issuing from the jaws of grotesque monsters, standing out upon these balustrades, and repeated at regular intervals, formed their principal adornment.

Notwithstanding the arduous toil under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, the exhuming of this stairway, in the construction of which the ancient sculptors exhausted the resources of their art, was a fascinating

labor, and was performed under the constant stimulus of expectation and the excitement of discovery. When the last day's work was done, and I stood upon the broken throne at the base of the stairway, to take a last look at the scene of my labors, so familiar had I grown with every feature of the place that it seemed to cost but little effort of the mind to roll aside the mist that hid the past, and restore again the shattered fabric. From my position I could see the whole plaza, with its monuments and temple-crowned pyramids. In front of me the smooth, cemented pavement stretched away westward to a range of terraces that bounds it in that direction, but leaves unobstructed the view of the mountains beyond the valley. In other days the parting shafts of the sun struck the temple, and its sculptured walls, adorned with paint and stucco, flashed in the light, until the shadows, mounting the throne and climbing the stairway, shot above the highest tower, and left the city wrapped in gloom. For a moment the peaks stood dark and gigantic against the dazzling sunset hues, crowned with glory; then the colors faded rapidly, giving way to a pale glow above the mountains, while sudden darkness fell upon the valley.

Musing on the scene, I was dimly aware of a long array of shadows projected from the past. Nor was it altogether fancy. This plaza has witnessed many a scene of august pomp and many a glittering pageant. Many a priestly procession with solemn rites has trod these sculptured stairs; and here, doubtless, on many a day famous in the annals of the nation, the plumed warriors of Co, returning with victorious banners, bowed before the throne where their monarch sat in state and proudly reviewed them as they passed.

No regular burying-place has yet been found at Copan, but a number of isolated tombs have been explored. The location of these was strange and unexpected—beneath the pavement of courtyards and under the foundations of houses. They consist of small chambers of very excellent masonry, roofed sometimes by means of the horizontal arch, and sometimes by means of slabs of stone resting on the top of the vertical walls. In these tombs one, and sometimes two, interments had been made. The bodies had been laid at full length upon the floor. The cerements had long since moldered away, and the skeletons themselves were in a crumbling condition, and give little knowledge of the physical characteristics of the people; but one fact of surpassing interest came to light concerning their private lives, namely, the custom of adorning the front teeth with gems inlaid in the enamel, and by filing. Although not all of the sets of teeth found had been treated in this way, there are enough to show that the practice was general, at least among the upper classes; for all the tombs opened, from their associations with prominent houses, seem to have belonged to people of rank or fortune. The stone used in the inlaying was a bright-green jadeite. A circular cavity about one sixteenth of an inch in diameter was drilled in the enamel of each of the two front teeth of the upper row, and inlaid with a little disk of jadeite, cut to a perfect fit, and secured by means of a bright-red cement.

Besides the human remains, each tomb contained a number of earthenware vessels of great beauty and excellence of workmanship, some of them painted with figures in various colors, and others finished with a peculiar polish resembling a glaze. Some of these vessels contained charcoal and ashes; in others were various articles of use and adornment. The beads, ear-ornaments, medallions, and a variety of other ornaments, usually of jadeite, exhibit an extraordinary degree of skill in the art of cutting and polishing stones, while the pearls and trinkets carved from shell must have been obtained by trade or by journeys to the coast. In the same tombs with these ornaments were frequently found such objects of utility as knives and spear-heads of flint and obsidian, and stone hatchets and chisels. These were doubtless family vaults, though none of them contained the remains of many burials.

As to the antiquity of the city, although we have no data that will enable us to fix a date, there are certain historical facts that remove it from the reach of history or tradition, and place the era of its

destruction long anterior to the discovery of America.

In 1524 Alvarado subdued the tribes in the province of Guatemala, and founded the city of that name. From this as a center the dominion of Spanish arms was gradually extended over all of Central America, and intercourse opened with settlements already established.

What was the condition of Copan at this time? Surely such a center of wealth and power, with all its barbaric splendor and extended influence, had it still existed, would not have escaped the ambitious enterprise of the conquerors. According to custom, the exploits of boasting generals and the zeal of missionaries ought to have spread its fame through the length and breadth of the Spanish dominions. All that we find, however, in the written records of that time is a brief mention of an expedition sent in 1530 from Guatemala, under the leadership of Hernando de Chaves, who conquered an Indian stronghold called Copan, situated somewhere in this region; but from the brief and ambiguous account given, it is evident that the place, in strength and importance, must have been insignificant compared with the city of antiquity the ruins of which are called Copan to-day, and concerning which history and tradition are silent.

Moreover, Hernando Cortez, during his march from Mexico to Honduras in 1525, must have passed within a few days' journey of Copan; yet neither he nor any of his companions makes any mention of such a place, though several of them give detailed accounts of the journey. Would the conqueror of Mexico have turned aside when such a prize was in his way?

Furthermore, in 1576 Don Diego Garcia de Palacio, an officer of the King of Spain, journeying from Guatemala to San Pedro, passed through the ruins, and in a letter to Philip II—a letter that is still preserved in the British Museum—describes what he saw there. His description is such as might be written to-day by any intelligent traveler; the buildings were in complete ruin, and the Indians who lived in the vicinity were unable to give him any enlightenment concerning them. Yet this was only forty-six years after the expedition of Chaves.

There is but one reasonable conclusion: the city was abandoned and in ruins long before the arrival of the Spaniards; all tradition concerning it was lost, and its name forgotten. Its glory was never beheld by Europeans. Could we conceive of that privilege as having been theirs, what would have been their astonishment when, issuing from the rocky passes and dangerous defiles of the cordilleras, they first beheld the vision of this enchanted valley with its guardian city! Standing in such a situation, and gazing on that scene in its present aspect, clothed in the melancholy charm of the wilderness, I was filled with admiration at the consciousness of what must have been, from the beauty of the situation and the barbaric grandeur of its architecture, the effect of that proud city in its prime.

The moral effect of the ruins on one who sojourns among them is not easily described. The more familiar they become, the more the mind is impressed with the strength and magnitude of the structures; with the character of the monuments, so elaborate in composition, so strange in design, so rich in ornament, and yet so perfectly unintelligible; the lavishness of the sculpture, its beauty and solemnity; and then, the silence, the desolation, and the mystery of it all. The cause of the city's destruction we have yet to learn, but history is full of suggestions. The trees that flourish over it may have been nourished by the blood of its slaughtered population; the terrific subterranean forces that have shaken the foundations of still greater cities may have driven the stricken inhabitants in terror from their homes; they may have died of famine, or pestilence may have piled the streets with dead. Who shall tell the story of their fall?

The tale of Troy divine has not a more pathetic human interest than this picture of a nameless city with its unknown story. One fell amid the clash of arms, while gods and godlike men wrought deeds that poets wrought in song. Against the darkness of the former night the heroic action fills the golden dawn, and they who fought and fell are still the foremost heroes of the world. The other filled its destiny obscurely, perished in obedience to the will of Heaven, and, with its name, its virtues, and its very gods, went down into the darkness of a voiceless past, unhonored and unsung.

... Who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say "Here was or is" where all is doubly night?

For convenience of description, the different structures have been designated by numbers or by letters. See "Memoirs Peabody Museum," Vol. I, No. 1, 1896.

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## A Shameful Affair

by Kate Chopin

Mildred Orme, seated in the snuggest corner of the big front porch of the Kraummer farmhouse, was as content as a girl need hope to be.

This was no such farm as one reads about in humorous fiction. Here were swelling acres where the undulating wheat gleamed in the sun like a golden sea. For silver there was the Meramee — or, better, it was pure crystal, for here and there one might look clean through it down to where the pebbles lay like green and yellow gems. Along the river's edge trees were growing to the very water, and in it, sweeping it when they were willows.

The house itself was big and broad, as country houses should be. The master was big and broad, too. The mistress was small and thin, and it was always she who went out at noon to pull the great clanging bell that called the farmhands in to dinner.

From her agreeable corner where she lounged with her Browning or her Ibsen, Mildred watched the woman do this every day. Yet when the clumsy farmhands all came tramping up the steps and crossed the porch in going to their meal that was served within, she never looked at them. Why should she? Farmhands are not so very nice to look at, and she was nothing of an anthropologist. But once when the half dozen men came along, a paper which she had laid carelessly upon the railing was blown across their path. One of them picked it up, and when he had mounted the steps restored it to her. He was young, and brown, of course, as the sun had made him. He had nice blue eyes. His fair hair was dishevelled. His shoulders were broad and square and his limbs strong and clean. A not unpicturesque figure in the rough attire that bared his throat to view and gave perfect freedom to his every motion.

Mildred did not make these several observations in the half second that she looked at him in courteous acknowledgment. It took her as many days to note them all. For she signaled him out each time that he passed her, meaning to give him a condescending little smile, as she knew how. But he never looked at her. To be sure, clever young women of twenty, who are handsome, besides, who have refused their half dozen offers and are settling down to the conviction that life is a tedious affair, are not going to care a straw whether farmhands look at them or not. And Mildred did not care, and the thing would not

have occupied her a moment if Satan had not intervened, in offering the employment which natural conditions had failed to supply. It was summer time; she was idle; she was piqued, and that was the beginning of the shameful affair.

“Who are these men, Mrs. Kraummer, that work for you? Where do you pick them up?”

“Oh, ve picks ‘em up everyvere. Some is neighbors, some is tramps, and so.”

“And that broad-shouldered young fellow – is he a neighbor? The one who handed me my paper the other day – you remember?”

“Gott, no! You might yust as say he vas a tramp. Aber he vorks like a stem ingine.”

“Well, he’s an extremely disagreeable-looking man. I should think you’d be afraid to have him about, not knowing him.”

“Vat you vant to be ‘fraid for?” laughed the little woman. “He don’t talk no more un ven he vas deef und dumb. I didn’t t’ought you vas sooch a baby.”

“But, Mrs. Kraummer, I don’t want you to think I’m a baby, as you say – a coward, as you mean. Ask the man if he will drive me to church to-morrow. You see, I’m not so very much afraid of him,” she added with a smile.

The answer which this unmannerly farmhand returned to Mildred’s request was simply a refusal. He could not drive her to church because he was going fishing.

“Aber,” offered good Mrs. Kraummer, “Hans Platzfeldt will drive you to church, oder vereever you vants. He vas a goot boy vat you can trust, dat Hans.”

“Oh, thank him very much. But I find I have so many letters to write to-morrow, and it promises to be hot, too. I shan’t care to go to church after all.”

She could have cried for vexation. Snubbed by a farmhand! a tramp perhaps. She, Mildred Orme, who ought really to have been with the rest of the family at Narragansett – who had come to seek in this retired spot the repose that would enable her to follow exalted lines of thought. She marveled at the problematic nature of farmhands.

After sending her the uncivil message already recorded, and as he passed beneath the porch where she sat, he did look at her finally, in a way to make her positively gasp at the sudden effrontery of the man.

But the inexplicable look stayed with her. She could not banish it.

II

It was not so very hot after all, the next day, when Mildred walked down the long narrow footpath that led through the bending wheat in midsummer-time knows that sound.

In the woods it was sweet and solemn and cool. And there beside the river was the wretch who had annoyed her, first, with his indifference, then with the sudden boldness of his glance.

“Are you fishing?” she asked politely and with kindly dignity, which she supposed would define her position toward him. The inquiry lacked not pertinence, seeing that he sat motionless, with a pole in his hand and his eyes fixed on a cork that bobbed aimlessly on the water.

“Yes, madam,” was his brief reply.

“It won’t disturb you if I stand here a moment, to see what success you will have?”

“No, madam.”

She stood very still, holding tight to the book she had brought with her. Her straw hat had slipped disreputably to one side, over the wavy bronze-brown bang that half covered her forehead. Her cheeks were ripe with color that the sun had coaxed there; so were her lips.

All the other farmhands had gone forth in Sunday attire. Perhaps this one had none better than these working clothes that he wore. A feminine commiseration swept her at the thought. He spoke never a word. She wondered how many hours he could sit there, so patiently waiting for fish to come to his hook. For her part, the situation began to pall, and she wanted to change it at last.

“Let me try a moment, please? I have an idea – “

“Yes, madam.”

“The man is surely an idiot, with his monosyllables,” she commented inwardly. But she remembered that monosyllables belong to a boor’s equipment.

She laid her book carefully down and took the pole gingerly that he came to place in her hands. Then it was his turn to stand back and look respectfully and silently on at the absorbing performance.

“Oh!” cried the girl, suddenly, seized with excitement upon seeing the line dragged deep in the water.

“Wait, wait! Not yet.”

He sprang to her side. With his eyes eagerly fastened on the tense line, he grasped the pole to prevent her drawing it, as her intention seemed to be. That is, he meant to grasp the pole, but instead, his brown hand came down upon Mildred’s white one. He started violently at finding himself so close to a bronze-brown tangle that almost swept his chin – to a hot cheek only a few inches away from his shoulder, to a pair of young, dark eyes that gleamed for an instant unconscious things into his own.

Then, why ever it happened, or how ever it happened, his arms were holding Mildred and he kissed her lips. She did not know if it was ten times or only once.

She looked around – her face milk-white – to see him disappear with rapid strides through the path that had brought her there. Then she was alone.

Only the birds had seen, and she could count on their discretion. She was not wildly indignant, as many would have been. Shame stunned her. But through it she gropingly wondered if she should tell the Kraummers that her chaste lips had been rifled of their innocence. Publish her own confusion? No!

Once in her room she would give calm thought to the situation, and determine then how to act. The secret must remain her own: a hateful burden to bear alone until she could forget it.

### III

And because she feared not to forget it, Mildred wept that night. All day long a hideous truth had been thrusting itself upon her that made her ask herself if she could be mad. She feared it. Else why was that kiss the most delicious thing she had known in her twenty years of life? The sting of it had never left her lips since it was pressed into them. The sweet trouble of it banished sleep from her pillow.

But Mildred would not bend the outward conditions of her life to serve any shameful whim that chanced to visit her soul, like an ugly dream. She would avoid nothing. She would go and come like always.

In the morning she found in her chair upon the porch the book she had left by the river. A fresh indignity! But she came and went as she intended to, and sat as usual upon the porch amid her familiar surroundings. When the Offender passed by her she knew it, though her eyes were never lifted. Are there only sight and sound to tell such things? She discerned it by a wave that swept her with confusion and she knew not what besides.

She watched him furtively, one day, when he talked with Farmer Kraummer out in the open. When he walked away she remained like one who has drunk much wine. Then unhesitatingly she turned and began her preparations to leave the Kraummer farmhouse.

When the afternoon was far spent they brought letters to her. One of them read like this:

“My Mildred, deary! I am only now at Narragansett, and so broke up not to find you. So you are down at that Kraummer farm, on the Iron Mountain. Well! What do you think of that delicious crank, Fred Evelyn? For a man must be a crank who does such things. Only fancy! Last year he chose to drive an engine back and forth across the plains. This year he tills the soil with laborers. Next year it will be something else as insane – because he likes to live more lives than one kind, and other Quixotic reasons. We are great chums. He writes me he’s grown as strong as an ox. But he hasn’t mentioned that you are there. I know you don’t get on with him, for he isn’t a bit intellectual – detests Ibsen and abuses Tolstoi. He doesn’t read ‘in books’ – says they are spectacles for the short-sighted to look at life through. Don’t snub him, dear, or be too hard on him; he has a heart of gold, if he is the first crank in America.”

Mildred tried to think – to feel the intelligence which this letter brought to her would take somewhat of the sting from the shame that tortured her. But it did not. She knew that it could not.

In the gathering twilight she walked again through the wheat that was heavy and fragrant with dew. The path was very long and very narrow. When she was midway she saw the Offender coming toward her. What could she do? Turn and run, as a little child might? Spring into the wheat, as some frightened four-footed creature would? There was nothing but to pass him with the dignity which the occasion clearly demanded.

But he did not let her pass. He stood squarely in the pathway before her, hat in hand, a perturbed look upon his face.

“Miss Orme,” he said, “I have wanted to say to you, every hour of the past week, that I am the most consummate hound that walks the earth.”

She made no protest. Her whole bearing seemed to indicate that her opinion coincided with his own.

“If you have a father, or brother, or any one, in short, to whom you may say such things –“

“I think you aggravate the offense, sir, by speaking of it. I shall ask you never to mention it again. I want to forget that it ever happened. Will you kindly let me by.”

“Oh,” he ventured eagerly, “you want to forget it! Then, maybe, since you are willing to forget, you will be generous enough to forgive the offender some day?”

“Some day,” she repeated, almost inaudibly, looking seemingly through him, but not at him – “some day – perhaps; when I shall have forgiven myself.”

He stood motionless, watching her slim, straight figure lessening by degrees as she walked slowly away from him. He was wondering what she meant. Then a sudden, quick wave when he guessed what it might be.

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## Witch-Hazel

by Elizabeth Akers

*Century Magazine* Volume 49, Issue 1 (November, 1894)

The last lone aster in the wood has died,  
And taken wings, and flown;  
The sighing oaks, the evergreens' dark pride,  
And shivering beeches, keep their leaves alone.

From the chill breath of late October's blast  
That all the foliage seared,  
Even the loyal gentian shrank at last,  
And, gathering up her fringes, disappeared.

The wood is silent as an unswept lute;  
Color and song have fled;  
Only the brave black-alder's brilliant fruit  
Lights the sear deadness with its living red.

But what is this wild fragrance that pervades  
The air like incense-smoke?  
Pungent as spices blown in tropic shades,  
Subtle as some enchanter might evoke.

Not like the scent of flower, nor drug, nor balm,  
Nor resins from the East,  
Yet trancing soul and sense in such a charm

As holds us when the thrush's song has ceased.

Mysterious, gradual, like the gathering dews,  
And damp, sweet scents of night,  
Whence is this strange aroma that imbues  
The lone and leafless wood with new delight?

And while the questioner drinks, with parted lips,  
The mystical draught — behold!  
A wondrous bush, beplumed from root to tips  
With crimped and curling bloom of shredded gold!

Not even the smallest leaf or hint of green  
Is mingled with its sprays,  
But every slender stem and twig is seen  
Haloed with flickerings of yellow blaze.

What wizard, wise in spells of drugs and gums,  
With weird divining-rod  
Conjures this luminous loveliness that comes  
As if by magic from the frozen sod?

Fearless witch-hazel! braver than the oak  
That dares not bloom till spring,  
Thus to defy the frost's benumbing stroke  
With challenge of November blossoming!

And yet it has an airy, delicate grace  
Denied all other flowers,  
And lights the gloom as some beloved face  
Dawns on the dark of melancholy hours.

Miraculous shrub, that thus in frost and blight  
Smilest all undismayed,  
And scatterest from thy wands of golden light  
A sudden sunshine in the chilly glade.

Sprite of New England forests, he was wise  
Who gave thee thy quaint name,  
As, threading wind-stripped woods, with awed surprise  
He first beheld thy waving fan of flame.

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## PULSE AND RHYTHM.

By MARY HALLOCK,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Popular Science Monthly* Volume 63 September 1903

THE close connection between pulse and rhythm has been speculated upon since the fourth century before Christ. Herophile, Avicenna, Savonarola, Saxon, Fernel and Samuel Hafen-Refferus have successively conjectured that the rhythmic phenomenon of pulse is in some way responsible for our sense of 'beat.' The speculation was fascinating. It could not become convincing without the help of data capable of being furnished only by very recently invented instruments and by recently accumulated knowledge.

A sense of rhythm, probably due to instinct, is found well developed low down in the animal series.[1] This fact is significant when one considers that the theory usually advanced and accepted is that physical activities of a regularly recurrent nature have created this sense in man. The beat of the pestle used by primitive man to crush grain, the blows of the flail, the rhythm of the quern and the spinning wheel, the rock of the cradle, and in short the entire series of industries where a regular beat or reciprocal motion suggests alternate action have been put forward as the probable origin of the dance, musical and verbal rhythm, and at length of the beat of music.[2]

Tempting as is this theory which associates the origin of rhythm with the development of ordered human activity, a rhythmic sound, call or cry is first found coexistent with the first complete circulatory system, heart with valves and blood vessels. This first appears in the insect family and there too, in the saltoria of the orthoptera (commonly known as crickets, grasshoppers and locusts) appears this conjunction of hearing, ability to call or stridulate, a nervous system and valvular heart. The common existence of these phenomena does not prove that the beat of the rudimentary insect heart led to rhythm, but it suggests, at least, that this combination has been subjectively fruitful of recurrent sound as a form of sexual and probably of pleasurable activity.

Mr. S. H. Scudder has put down the songs of these little creatures in musical notation,[3] giving them after careful consideration the attribute of rhythm. Unfortunately the circulatory system of the insect world has scarcely been investigated. As a curiosity, yet as a possible venture, a parallelism may be suggested between the stridulations of a cricket, which have been counted as occurring at the rate of between two and three chirps per second[4] and the number of pulse waves peculiar to very active insects or one hundred and fifty closures of the heart valves in one minute.[5]

Inspecting in a very cursory manner the higher phylums of the animal kingdom, the authority of numerous investigators can be given for the perfect rhythmic quality of bird songs. The writer can vouch for it that the cackle of one guinea hen during an entire summer went with clock-like regularity at the rate of eighty-eight to ninety-two cackles per minute. The faster cackling being a laughably accurate sign of the growing excitement attendant on the laying of an egg, said by the owner to occur at about eleven o'clock every morning.

The scientific study of rhythm, so far as man is concerned, has been approached almost wholly from the side of its conjunction with literature. Looked at from that side, it is not strange that the testimony could never be mathematically exact and emphatic. The only data which are of sufficient accuracy to prove that the rhythmic phenomena of pulse first impressed on our consciousness that which can accurately be called rhythm, are to be found in the metronomic denotations of musical compositions. It

is there and there only that the brain has been able systematically to externalize the rhythm most natural to it with a sense of method and order approximating instrumental exactitude and capable of an exact expression and measure in number. These furnish only a trace, but a trace sufficient when one keeps in mind the havoc that conscious intellect can always play with things strictly natural.

While making a bibliographical search for anything treating of this musical side of the subject, one suggestive title only was found. It was under 'pulse' in the Larousse Encyclopedia and covered the subject to a degree alarming to a new and anxious investigator. It 'Nouvelle méthode facile et curieuse pour connaître le pouls par les notes de la musique.' (New method, easy and curious for gauging the pulse by musical notes.) François Nicolas Marquet, Nancy, 1747. When found, the quaint little book proved lamentably insufficient. In its time there was neither metronome nor sphygmograph.

In the introduction to this little treatise which in its day seems to have created quite a stir—'amateurs in search of novelties bought it for fun, and kept it by good taste,' M. Marquet naïvely tries to disarm his critics by saying that he already seemed to hear them object: 'it is certainly a very bizarre matter this learning to know the pulse by musical notes,' adding, 'one could answer them, it is not more strange to paint the pulse with notes than to paint the sound of music with those same notes; to paint numbers with figures, and finally to paint words with letters.' In this way the good doctor confounds throughout the treatise the idea that music notes and measures could make a very good sign-board on which to denote exactly where a morbid pulse fails of being normal, and his discovery that a minute of his time was usually placed at the same rhythmic rate per minute as accompanies a normal pulse, which pulse, for want of a better chronometer than the long hand of a clock, he places at one beat per second.

This little work, imperfect as it is, and in spite of all its limitations, renders clear, tangible and visible the failure, already mentioned, made by those who thus far have occupied themselves with the question, to give consideration to the statistics furnished by musical compositions through their metronomic denotations. Even the ear aided by the metronome and the pulse recorded by the sphygmograph need to prove the influence of the latter on the former, the unconscious record made in musical composition of the recollection by the mind from an indefinite number of beats per second of a certain stated number, which repeats itself in one form of union after another by different composers at different periods and in different lands.

The material from which statistics can be drawn is so unlimited that, for want of space, two examples only will be considered, the first dealing with the metronomic markings of the Beethoven Sonatas and the second with popular music.

Out of forty-three metronomic markings, taken straight through from the beginning of the first volume of the Beethoven Sonatas—the four standard editions as a working basis—nineteen are set to a rhythm of seventy-two and seventy-six beats to a minute, a rate exactly that of the average normal, healthy, adult human pulse; a pulse given by the best authorities as lying between seventy and seventy-five pulsations in the same time. According to fuller statistics, the physical pulse, varied by the time of day and the effect of meals, ranges from a little below sixty to a little over eighty. Within this limit all the rhythmic markings of these sonatas lie. Three standing at fifty-six and fifty-eight beats per minute, contrary to expectation, belonging to fast movements undoubtedly marked slower on account of the difficulty the fingers would experience in performing the notes as fast as the imagination would direct. The average of the entire one hundred and forty-seven markings given by the four editors. Von Bülow, Steingräer, Köhler and Germer, was sixty-four and four tenths rhythmic beats per minute. The one sonata marked by Beethoven himself bearing the figures 69, 80, 92, 76, 72 for the different movements. Allegro, Vivace, Adagio, Largo, Allegro risoluto.

If with the eye fixed on the second-hand of a watch or a clock the long meter doxology be sung, every one of the equally accented notes entering simultaneously with the tick of each consecutive second, it will become at once apparent that the melody is delivered at a rhythmic rate of sixty beats to the minute. Should one in the same breath hum Yankee-doodle, sounding each of its accented notes, at the same rate, it will be found that these two melodies, standing at the extremes of the sublime and the ridiculous, the one in character slow, the other fast, the first combining the utmost dignity and breadth, the second ludicrously vapid and thoughtless, are both set to precisely the same length of rhythmic time by the clock. In the same manner the adagios, allegros, prestos of the great master's sonatas unfold to pretty much the same span of a passing moment. In his sonata 'Les Adieux,' op. 81, the adagio or slow movement and the allegro or fast movement are both set to one rhythmic unit to the second. The impression of slowness or rapidity in the music is due rather to the character of the context and the number of notes to be played in the divisions within the minute than to the actual clock time it takes to perform the rhythmic unit.

Seventeen letters were addressed to as many band-masters asking them for the 'beat' usually used in their conducting. The answers invariably brought 'from 64 to 72 rhythmic beats per minute,' that being probably the time to which countless soldiers had found it most convenient and agreeable to march. Those wishing to investigate on their own account will find it interesting to clutch at their pulse, whenever a whistling street boy passes, and even a jangling hotel piano might in the same connection have sometimes a 'reason for being.' More often than accident warrants, it will be found that these also 'with nature's heart in tune' were 'concerting harmonies,'

#### Metronomic Markings per Rhythm of the Different Movements of Twelve Beethoven Sonatas.

The foregoing examples, although following the pulse in their exactness, are still for scientific purposes not quite what may be desired. The heart's action varies. So do musical tempi. Both are disturbed by the slightest exciting or nervous influences. Still the track, though faint at times, sometimes quite effaced by conscious effort, is there; corroborated through a hundred different channels. One distinguished psychologist[6] finds that a subject could repeat simple intervals without accent with greatest exactness when these intervals lay between 0.4 and 0.7 seconds. It takes but a simple problem in arithmetic to see that this agrees with from 75 to 86 rhythmic beats per minute, or the region of pulsation common to the human pulse. Another[7] on conducting a series of experiments on rhythm, 'the first and most important object of which was to determine what the mind did with a series of simple auditory impressions in which there was absolutely no change of intensity, pitch, quality or tone interval,' finds that the pulse seemed at times to impose a grouping in which the clicks coming nearest to the time of the heart beats were accented.

To Professor Bolton[8] must be given the credit of having successfully found the means by which rhythm can be permanently differentiated from time in music. He says this general principle, arrived at by the same experiments, may be stated: "The conception of a rhythm demands a perfectly regular sequence of impressions within the limits of one second and one hundredth of a second. When a longer interval was introduced into the series, the impressions coming between the long intervals fell together into a group but they did not form an organic unity. There was no pleasure in such a rhythm. Something seemed to be looked for in this longer interval which was wanting." Why?

No matter how slowly one sound follows another, time, as understood in music, can still be a characteristic of the sequence. A clock may strike this minute and not again for an hour, but time is still being measured. A rhythm, however, can be said to exist only when sounds succeed each other so as to

fall within the same limited horizon of attention. This differentiation has not to this day been clearly made by authors of musical encyclopedias and dictionaries, they having been satisfied with considering rhythm as simply similar in music to meter in verse.

Bearing these statements in mind, it seems improbable that the mere physical activities and industries of primitive peoples, such as cradle-rocking, spinning and grinding should have been so constantly of one rhythm as to impress accidentally a beat of such uniform variation, extending within fifteen pulsations difference a minute (from 65 to 80) on nearly all musical compositions, nor must it be forgotten, as has been said before, that it is these compositions which furnish the only means by which the human brain could, thanks to the metronome, so accurately and sub-consciously give record to the rhythm most natural to it. This rhythm for physical as well as psychological reasons must, it is submitted, in all probability have been suggested, coordinated and regulated by the phenomenon of pulse. The first and patent objection to this theory will be that we have no conscious cognizance of the arterial beat within us. The objection is however fully met by the well-known law that, 'one unvarying action on the senses fails to give any perception whatever.' For familiar examples, we have no conscious sensory impressions from the whirling of the earth, the weight of the air or the weight of our bodies. Yet, inevitably, the recurrent arterial beat, must have left its record and impress on the unconscious and subliminal brain, guiding and determining the conscious and audible expressions. Nor is it without its supporting proof that where the insect's heart beat is 150 to the minute, the insect's chirp runs to the same speed; and where the human heart beat is 60 to 85 to the minute, human musical rhythm runs within the same limits.

Mr. Fiske says, in his 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy,' not only must all motions be rhythmical, but 'every rhythm, great or small, must end in some redistribution, be it general or local, of matter and motion.' It is not probable that a dainty rhythmic wave of color external in character would make its impression on the brain, and the latter in turn remain unaffected by a—relatively speaking—thumping cataract of a pulse impulse. Some disturbance of the brain tissue must occur from this vibration, reaching in course the very portion allotted to music. The basilar artery, the brain's basic artery, feeds the chorda tympani by a direct channel, whereas the rest of the cranial tract is fed by ramifications of its ramifications. The stronger surging is therefore directed against the auditory tract. It may be urged that in that case the brain would know but one rhythm. It might be so were it not that 'the whole cerebral and central nervous organism seems a happy adjustment of fixity of habit not too fixed, and susceptibility not too susceptible.'[9]

"Perception of time duration is always a process and never a state—for us to perceive five seconds, something must durate five seconds, for us to perceive a year some definite sensation would have to durate a year." [10]

On these principles, imagining a composer seated quietly at his desk in the act of composition, is it not feasible to suppose that sub consciously to himself, and for want of a more intimately sympathetic conductor, a physical metronome was within him deflecting his rhythm to its standard? Contrary to the other arts, music has its birth and being entirely from within the human brain, and from within has been impressed a beat of far more rapid rate than the ictus of the recurrent industries already cited on its musical product. The suggestions all this calls forth are of course unlimited. To one we may give our fancy free rein. Mr. James Huneker in his exhaustive summing up of Chopin's music states that master's favorite metronome sign to be 88 to the minute. As 'people with considerable sensibility of mind and disposition have generally a quicker pulse than those with such mental qualification as resolution and steadiness of temper,' could one consider that the ailing Chopin's pulse helped his rhythmic tendency to 88, while the resolute steady Beethoven's was normal?

The arm of knowledge is long; it needs no yardstick with which to measure the stars. Can it feel the pulse of those who have long since crossed the boundaries that separate this world from the next?

'Descent of Man,' Darwin, D. Appleton & Co., p. 566.

'Rhythmus und Arbeit.' Karl Bücher, *passim*.

'The Songs of the Grasshoppers,' Am. Nat., Vol. II., p. 113.

'Proc. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., October 23 1867.

'A Text-book of Entomology,' Packard, Macmillan, 1898, p. 401.

'The Psychology of Rhythm,' Am. Journ. of Psychol., January, 1902.

American Journ. Psychol., Vol. VI., No. 2.

*Ibid.*

Herbert Nichols, Journ. of Psychol., Vol. VI., p. 60.

*Ibid.*

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## REMINISCENCE.

by Thomas Bailey Aldrich

*Century Magazine* Volume 48, Issue 1 (May, 1894)

THOUGH I am native to this frozen zone  
?That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead;  
?Though the cold azure arching overhead  
?And the Atlantic's intermittent moan  
Are mine by heritage, I must have known  
?Life elsewhere in epochs long since fled;  
?For in my veins some Orient blood is red,  
?And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.  
I do remember ... it was just at dusk,  
?Near a walled garden at the river's turn  
?(A thousand summers seem but yesterday!),  
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk,  
?Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,  
?And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

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## A Mystery of the Sea

by Edwin K. Buttolph

Century Magazine Volume 41, Issue 5 (March, 1891)

In the summer of 1884 I was coming across the Indian Ocean in the steamship Glenearn, homeward-bound from Shanghai with a cargo of tea. We had passed Ceylon, catching a glimpse of the distant island and a whiff of the spicy breeze offshore, and were nearing the treacherous chain of coral reefs known as the Maldivian Islands, when I came up from the cabin after dinner for a stroll on deck. The evening sky glowed with the beauty of a rich sunset such as is rarely seen outside the tropics. The good ship rocked easily upon a long, smooth swell, and plowed her way into a sea of molten gold, turning it, as by the touch of a magician's rod, into blue depths of water beneath her keel. The vessel's wake, churned into foam and shot through with countless flashes of phosphorescence, stretched far astern like a silvery path leading to the very edge of the full moon which hung just above the horizon. I found the chief engineer leaning against the rail and enjoying the glorious beauty of the evening. For some time neither of us spoke. At length he remarked in a meditative way:

"It was just here that we met the Portuguese brig when we were coming out."

Now Nesbitt was a clear-headed Scot who had studied in one of the English universities and taken his degree; then, giving way to his passion for a roving life, he had gone to sea and spent twenty years afloat. He had doubled more than once the Horn and the Cape, made a dozen voyages to China and Japan, and, as an engineer in the Portuguese navy, had visited the whole coast of Africa, and once crossed the Dark Continent on foot just below the equator. In short, he had seen much of the world, and taken good note of what he saw.

The chief engineer, therefore, was a man who had in his head much material for a good story; and it was in the hope of getting a story now that I asked:

"Well, what about the Portuguese brig?"

He looked up in surprise.

"What! Haven't you heard of the adventure we had on the last trip out? No? 'Bout as curious a thing as I ever came within hail of. But it's a long yarn; so let's find some seats first, and then I'll spin it for you."

We took possession of a couple of steamer chairs on the after-deck, and forthwith the chief spun his yarn as follows:

"We came out in February loaded mostly with iron; had a rough time of it in the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, but when we had gotten past those cussed Frenchmen on the Suez Canal our troubles for that voyage were over. Those canal pilots make an engineer swear more than a storm at sea.

"Well, just in this place, one day about noon, we passed a brig about four miles north of us. The sun was hot, there was not a breath of wind, and the brig lay rocking on the swell with all sail set and flapping. She showed no colors, and failed to answer the signals which we made to her. The captain swore a little at her want of manners and we went on; but when we had passed her some distance, perhaps a couple of miles, I went on the bridge and found him still leveling his glass at her. As I came

up he said, 'I don't like the looks of that craft at all. She isn't ship-shape, and I am going to run over to her and find out what's wrong.'

"He put the steamer's head for the brig, and soon we were as close as the swell would allow. We hailed her, but got no reply. Then the old man began to get excited, and ordered the mate to call away the crew of the cutter and investigate. When the mate came close alongside he hailed again. Still no reply. She lay with her starboard beam towards us. He pulled around her stern and found the port gangway open. A man in a red shirt and a pair of trousers sat there on the deck, his legs hanging over the side. He was leaning back upon a box under his left arm, and a red handkerchief trailed from his right hand across his lap. A loud hail at close quarters brought no movement or response, and a sudden awe fell upon the boat's crew. The man was dead!

"The mate pulled forward to the bow and climbed up the chains to the deck. He said afterward that nothing would have hired him to climb into the gangway beside that silent figure. Four men lay on the deck around the forward hatch. They had been dead a longtime, and the burning sun poured down upon ghastly bodies which were almost skeletons, they were so thin.

"The crew of the cutter were ordered up, and they searched the ship from stem to stern. They found no one in the forecastle or the hold, and no one in the cabin; but in the galley they found the Malay cook and the cabin-boy, both dead, the cook lying upon his face with his fingers twisted in his long black hair. All the men except the captain seemed to have died in agony, for their bodies were writhed and twisted.

"There was plenty of food aboard—a cask of salt beef; several hundred-weight of rice, and some flour. There were plenty of coals for the galley fire. The ship was perfectly sound, not a sail was split, not a halyard started; the masts and spars were all secure, and the wheel and rudder in good order. But there was not a drop of water aboard. Here was the secret of the tragedy. Every water-cask was dry, every butt had been upset and drained to the last drop. The little cabin-boy lay with his head and shoulders inside one of the overturned casks, and his stiff fingers grasped a tin cup into which he had been trying to drain a few drops of water.

"The ship's papers and two or three hundred Mexican dollars were in the despatch-box under the captain's elbow. I translated the papers—which were in Portuguese—when they were brought aboard the steamer. They showed that the brig was Portuguese, registered at Goa. Her name was the Santa Maria, and she had cleared from Goa three months before for a trading voyage along the west coast of India. Her master was also her owner; his name was signed to the papers with a cross. There was not, as it seemed, a single man on board who could write, for no log was found. There was a compass and a crude chart of the Indian coast in the cabin, but no sextant or chronometer and no signal-flags.

"So these poor wretches had probably been blown off the coast by a storm, and once out of sight of land they lost their bearings and could not find the way back again. Their supply of water gave out, and they died. But judging from the size of the brig, she required a crew of about fifteen men to handle her, and there were only seven bodies on board. What became of the others no one can tell. They may have drunk salt water, gone mad, and jumped into the sea to end their misery. There were lots of sharks swimming about the brig when we found her.

"I said there was no log on board. Perhaps that is true and perhaps it is not. On the deck by the captain's side was a little heap of pebbles which had evidently been brought up from the ballast, and carefully piled in one corner of the despatch-box beside the ship's papers were seventeen of these same pebbles.

It is not unlikely that each pebble represented a day of thirst and watching. It makes me shudder, even now—the picture of that red-shirted captain sitting in the waist of the ship watching for a sail, and seeing his crew, maddened by thirst or by salt water, jump down one by one into the jaws of the sharks waiting below. I always think of that captain as catching sight of some steamer on the horizon and raising himself to wave his red handkerchief; his only signal of distress, then, as the steamer keeps on her course, falling back in despair—to die!"

We sat for a long time in silence, while the steady throb of the steamer's iron heart drove her forward into the night. At length I asked: "What did you do with her?"

"We could not take her into port, and it is against the law to leave a vessel adrift upon the high seas. So when the mate had come back with a white face and told his story the captain sent the crew over to the brig and dismantled her. We took out her stores, cordage, sails, and everything we could move. Then the carpenter went down and bored a lot of holes in her bottom. We put all the bodies in the cabin and laid the ship's flag over them. The captain read the prayer from the burial service. Then we locked the cabin-door and left her; and as we steamed away we could see her slowly settling down.

"We turned over everything belonging to her to the Portuguese consul at Singapore; and if you will ask the captain he will show you the letter of thanks he got from Portugal, with King Luis's own signature. The consul wrote to Goa and advertised in all the eastern papers three months for some one who could claim the things, but without success. At length they were sold and converted to the crown, for no living soul could be found who knew anything about the Santa Maria or her crew."

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## Notable Women: Jenny Lind

by Ronald J. McNeill

Century Magazine, Volume 45, Issue 2 (December, 1892)

It has been observed by Emerson that the actual achievements recorded of great men often seem insufficient to account for the reputations they leave behind them; and he attributes this to what he calls the reserved force of character, which acts directly by "presence and without means."

It would be untrue to say of Jenny Lind that her artistic career did not fully justify her fame, for that career was quite Napoleonic in its splendid and unbroken success; her conquest of Europe was no less rapid and complete than that of the great world-shaker himself. Yet no one can read the recently published volumes of her memoirs without feeling that in her too was present that reserved force of which Emerson speaks. She was not merely one of the greatest operatic artists of her age, but an absolutely unique character and personality—a personality which found its highest expression, it is true, in her art, but which was always perceived, even by those who most appreciated her art, to be something quite independent of it, and impressed profoundly even those to whom music had nothing to say.

Among the latter was the late Dean Stanley, who was so entranced by Jenny Lind when he first met her in 1847 that he confessed that "great as is the wonder of seeing a whole population bewitched by one simple Swedish girl, it sinks into nothing before the wonder of herself." And Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the bishop of Norwich, who, unlike her son, was able thoroughly to appreciate music, declared that, wonderful as Jenny's singing was, she would rather hear her talk than sing.

It was this peculiar intensity of character, independent of and beyond her artistic genius, that, from her

early girlhood, attracted to Jenny Lind the leaders of cultivated society wherever she went. A Swedish lady who knew her from childhood tells us that the impression left on her memory by the great singer was of one "possessed by a sort of sacred responsibility for her mission of art in its lofty purity, which she felt that God had confided to her." Even those whose business it was merely to review her performances on the stage never failed to observe that the wonderful impression which her singing and acting produced was due in large measure to the purity of soul which penetrated all her dramatic impersonations. Thus, at Berlin, the critic Rellstab writes, "One sentiment pervades all her art-pictures, the spirit of holiness." Again, at Vienna, we are told, "She is the perfect picture of noblest womanhood." The same judgment was expressed everywhere. Indeed, the chief significance of the excerpts from contemporary critiques with which the memoirs abound, full of interest as they are for lovers of the lyric drama, will be missed by the reader who fails to appreciate the tribute which was constantly paid to the moral worth of her character, even by those who were mainly concerned with her artistic work.

As to that work, it is difficult, even with the help of elaborate descriptions of the effects she produced, for those who never heard her sing to form any real conception. Actors and singers cannot leave their work for the judgment of future generations, as authors, composers, and painters do. We may read of the exquisite sonority of Jenny Lind's voice; of her matchless shake; of her wonderful F-sharps, which so entranced Mendelssohn; of the sympathetic timbre which brought tears to the listener's eyes: but all this gives but little idea of the sensation which a single note would have produced on our own ears. And yet it is not difficult to perceive in the record of her career how consummate a genius she must have been, who, in the deliberate judgment of Mendelssohn, was "as great an artist as ever lived; the greatest he had known."

With the great composer, during the last two years of his life, Jenny Lind was on terms of affectionate intimacy, and the correspondence between them, now published for the first time, is full of interest. At this time Mendelssohn was composing the "Elijah," and he constructed the work so as to give prominence to the peculiar beauties of his young friend's voice, every separate note of which he had carefully studied. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should have felt a very special love and reverence for the music of the "Elijah," and that after her retirement from the stage she should have identified herself more closely with this oratorio than with any other musical work.

It is impossible in a short paper to say anything of the extraordinary succession of Jenny Lind's triumphs in all the art centers of Europe. The details of them, and the analysis of her method and effects, given in the memoirs will be studied with attention by all to whom music is a delight. But, strangely enough, one of the most picturesque incidents of her operatic career in London has been almost entirely overlooked. In narrating what took place at Her Majesty's Theater on May 4, 1848, when the Queen appeared in public for the first time since the famous 10th of April in that year, the memoir merely says that the Queen's entrance was greeted with demonstrations of loyalty. What actually took place—and it was characteristic both of the Queen and of Jenny Lind—was this:

It was, indeed, her Majesty's first public appearance since the memorable Chartist day; but it was also the great artist's first appearance for the season on the boards where she had won unparalleled fame the previous year. Her Majesty entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped from the wings upon the stage. Instantly, a perfect tumult of acclamation burst from every corner of the theater. Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting till the demonstration of loyalty to the sovereign should subside. The Queen, refusing to appropriate to herself what she imagined to be intended for the artist, made no acknowledgment. The cheering continued, increased, grew overwhelming; still no acknowledgment, either from the stage or from the royal box. At length, the

situation having become embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with ready tact, ran forward to the footlights, and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by orchestra, chorus, and audience. The Queen then came to the front of her box and bowed, and the opera was resumed.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formuke of society. "I'm so glad to see you" would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill-timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of Mrs. Candour; it carried no courtesy with it, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is characteristic. One day,—it was many years after her marriage,—when she was staying with a relative of mine not far from Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who, probably without much critical musical judgment, thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Madame Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, "Oh, Mr. Dean, your cathedral is indeed most beautiful!"

One matter which must be of interest to every lover of dramatic art, and which has been an enigma to many people, is now for the first time dealt with by one with authority to discuss the question. Why did Jenny Lind quit the stage at the moment of her greatest glory, and many years before her unrivaled powers had begun to suffer any decay? Some have perhaps reluctantly accepted the widely prevalent idea that she had come to regard the dramatic profession as an unholy thing which no pure-souled woman could remain in without contamination. Happily this notion can be entertained no longer. Her intimate friend Fröken von Stedingk with reference to it says: "Many suppose this resolution to be the result of pietism. Jenny Lind is as God-fearing as she is pure, but had pietism been the cause, she would not herself have gone to the play, which she declared she liked to do, to see others act." The fact is that to appreciate her motive for leaving the stage is to understand the whole character of the woman. Her distaste for it seems to have begun with her first great European success, and steadily grew as her fame spread. In 1840 she had lived for ten years a life of incessant hard work on the stage; yet in the following year she wrote from Paris, "Life on the stage has in it something so fascinating that I think, having once tasted it, one can never feel truly happy away from it." But in 1845, just after her transcendent success in Berlin, the idea of leaving the stage had not merely occurred to her mind, but had already become a fixed determination. Among the dominant notes of her character were love of home and craving for domestic peace. This craving was to a great extent satisfied while she remained at Stockholm, and especially during the time she lived with the Lindblad family. But when her destiny drew her in relentless triumph to Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, London, her domestic instincts were wrenched and tortured, and she found no compensation in all the glitter of her success. "I am convinced," said Herr Brockhaus, in April, 1846, "that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple homely happiness." That was the secret of the whole matter. And so she formed the resolution to quit the stage forever, a resolution in which she never wavered from 1845, when it first took definite shape, till she carried it out in London in the summer of 1849.

She continued, however, to sing frequently in concerts and oratorio, generally for charity. One instance of her constant readiness to help any good cause is a treasured memory of a relative of my own. In 1861 this gentleman, on finding himself in need of funds for carrying on a work he was engaged in near the Victoria Docks, consulted the wife of the Bishop of London. "Why don't you ask Jenny Lind to help you?" she said, when he told his difficulty. "Simply because I have not the pleasure of her

acquaintance," was his reply. "Oh," said Mrs. Tait, "I'll give you a letter of introduction." Jenny Lind gladly promised her help, and arranged for a performance of the "Elijah" at Exeter Hall. She had not sung in London for some years, and the excitement was intense. So great was the rush for seats that a letter actually appeared in the "Times" complaining that four hundred seats in the hall had to be sacrificed to—crinoline! and suggesting that ladies should dispense for the occasion with that fashionable ornament. The Bishop of London declared that on the evening of the concert his carriage was three quarters of an hour in the Strand before it reached Exeter Hall. He was well repaid, however, for the voice of the Nightingale, according to the "Times," was no less pure, no less powerful, no less bewitching, than when it first startled London fourteen years before. No doubt this was true, for in the opinion of the highest authority on the question, Madame Goldschmidt's voice, when she sang in the Rhine Festival as late as 1866, had not yet begun to show any signs of deterioration.

The published memoir does not deal with her life beyond the point where she quitted the stage in 1849, and therefore no account is given of her American tour in the following year. Needless to say, the Americans were not less anxious than usual to see and hear a visitor with a great European reputation. On one occasion two young men were so determined to see and speak to the diva, that they arranged to accomplish their purpose by stratagem. Having ascertained that she was in her sitting-room in her hotel, they went quietly to the lobby leading to it, and there began quarreling in loud tones which became every minute more violent. At last, as they had hoped, the door opened, and the famous singer appeared, in evident perturbation, to find out the cause of the disturbance. Never was there a more successful peacemaker. With an apology to the lady for having given her any alarm, the combatants went off arm-in-arm, more than content with the result of their plot. There was, however, one young citizen of the Republic—perhaps not more than ten or eleven years old—who was less appreciative of fame and art. It must be remembered that it was under the guidance of Mr. P. T. Barnum that the "greatest singer on earth" was "doing the States." The young citizen in question was taken by his mother to hear Jenny Lind; and the parent was much struck by the look of absorbing interest in her son's face, which no doubt indicated an artistic soul. What was her feeling on leaving the concert-hall when, instead of any expression of rapturous delight, the boy said in a tone of relief "And now, mother, let us go and see the fat woman."

The entire proceeds of the American tour, amounting to more than £20,000, were devoted by Jenny Lind to various benevolent objects. From the days of her early girlhood it had been her chief delight to use for the good of others the wealth which her genius brought her. She was ever ready to sing for a hospital, or a college, or a poor fellow-artist, or for the chorus, orchestra, or scene-shifters of the theaters where she appeared. "Is it not beautiful that I can sing so?" she exclaimed when she was told that a large number of children would be saved from wretchedness by a concert she had given for their benefit. The volumes which contain such a record might well bear the label which Jenny Lind's old Swedish guardian placed round the packet containing her letters to him, "The mirror of a noble soul."

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## Matthew Arnold

by Florence Earle Coates

*The Century Magazine, April 1894; p. 931-7.*

IT is told of one of our poets that, when in England, he was asked who took Matthew Arnold's place in America, and he answered, "Matthew Arnold." The reply would still be just, and, excepting as he fills it, the place of Matthew Arnold must long continue vacant. Men of genius are not replaced, and if, dying, they leave their work half done, the loss is irreparable. But Arnold's message was delivered, whether in verse or prose, with an amplitude and distinctness to which few messages may lay claim, and is "full of foretastes of the morrow."

Wordsworth expressed regret that the critics found so much fault with his poetry, because, as he remarked with Olympian simplicity, "They deprive the youth of my country of what would be a blessing to them." A similar feeling as to the ignorance and misapprehension which prevail regarding Matthew Arnold and his work induces me to write briefly as to the impression left by each upon my mind.

Readers of Mr. Arnold will recall the definiteness and meaning given by him to the use of the verb to know. To know the Greeks, in his sense, is not merely to have a knowledge of some set of facts concerning them; to be more or less accurately informed as to their appearance, dress, occupations, manners, tastes, language, etc.: it is to enter into the racial phenomena, the peculiar spirit, the elemental and developed genius, of that unique people.

Many say they knew Mr. Arnold whose conversation proves their knowledge to have consisted in having read, with ill choosing, some one or two of his poems, whence to conclude him not a poet; some one or two of his essays, whereby to discover him unsound; or in having met him once, twice perhaps, with the result of having misknown him utterly. It has been remarked that the comparative paucity of the reading public which really knows and appreciates his distinction is a phenomenon of contemporary literary taste.

There are melodies the full sweetness of which the ear immediately seizes. But who that is a musician does not learn to distrust their facile charm, knowing the tendency of too-easy strains to become, after frequent repetition, tame, if not wearisome?

In all art it is the same. The most lasting is rarely first to captivate. Great symphonies require more than one hearing; great poems more than one reading. Examples readily suggest themselves: Keats and Shelley rejected, Millet neglected, Browning and Wagner derided and reviled. It is stated that the directors of the National Gallery delayed during four years and nine months (the term of choice being five years) the acceptance of the Turner bequest, and were finally shamed into action only by the scornful and persistent representations of Ruskin. Mozart was followed to his grave by a single mourner, and in the art-temple of the most artistic city of modern Europe the Samothracian Nike has waited twenty years for the appreciation and homage which are its due.

The work of Matthew Arnold is no exception to the rule which obtains concerning things of highest excellence; nor, in relation to that rule, was he himself an exception. Really to know him, it was necessary to know him, if not long, at least long enough, and in an association of sufficient unrestraint, for free and sympathetic interchange of thought and sentiment; and from his sedate simplicity of mind

—his distaste for anything approaching affectation—it almost certainly followed that those who, upon a first encounter, looked for pearls from his mouth would meet with disappointment.

Of men of culture Emerson remarks that, upon coming together, they do not straightway fall to discussing the problems which chiefly engross them, but choose rather to speak of the weather, the crops, and topics of a kindred and every-day interest. Only a poseur is always effective; he has a little speech ready for each occasion, and remembers constantly that he is in the eye of the world. Men like Arnold and Browning fail to realize that more is expected of them than to be themselves; and so occupied with being are they, that for seeming they have neither leisure nor inclination.

I asked of one who had had the honor of his friendship, "What, above all, impressed you in regard to Matthew Arnold?" He replied, "That he was the most genuine human being I ever knew."

False impressions, especially when intensified by our prejudices, are difficult to eradicate; but of the many prevalent concerning Mr. Arnold, I should like to modify a few; and since we shall look on him no more, it may not be out of place to begin with a word as to his appearance.

In reproduction the defects of his face were easily exaggerated, while its finer and more characteristic qualities were of the kind which no photograph can more than suggest. Of his features the mouth was at first disappointing, being unusually large; but the lines were firm, and in conversation the early unfavorable impression was quickly lost. It was the kind of mouth which we associate with generous and sensitive natures, and its smiles were of a winning and whimsical attractiveness.

Before me is a partial copy of a letter written by Lord Coleridge to his friend, Mr. Ellis Yarnall of Haverford, soon after Mr. Arnold's death. In this connection, the following reference to him is not without interest.

I believe [he writes] that a more blameless, nay, a more admirable, man in every relation never lived. He was one of the noblest and most perfect characters I have ever known, and I have known him sixty years. I would not withdraw one word of what I said at the Union [League] Club at New York. It was not generous, it was true. I think him the most distinguished person in the old and right sense of that word that we had among us. To think we shall never have such papers any more, never hear him talk to us, never see that bright, manly, beautiful face any more!

"Bright, manly, beautiful!" To those who knew him, so it was.

His look was altogether noble, and though it might not have been true of him, as was said of Edmund Burke, that one could not stand with him five minutes under an awning where he had gone to escape the rain without knowing him to be the greatest man in England, yet one could not, I think, have been long in his presence without recognizing in Matthew Arnold one of the foremost of his time. His unusual height and erect bearing, the thick brown hair, scarcely changed, despite his sixty years, and growing in lines of perfect grace about a brow of peculiar breadth and beauty, the clear, benignant gaze of the blue-gray eyes—these alone must have given him always and everywhere an air of preëminent distinction.

"Male ugliness," it has recently been remarked, "is an endearing quality, and in a man of great talents assists the reputation by mollifying our sense of inferiority." Certain it is that Mr. Arnold's superiority of mien gave offense in some directions, appearing to be regarded as a kind of involuntary criticism. In addition to this, his lofty mental attitude and gravity of demeanor were by some felt to be oppressive,

and were misconstrued as pride. Yet proud, in a narrow and selfish sense, Arnold was not. His nature, full of dignity, was yet gentle and singularly sweet, and his interest in the masses was sympathetic and sincere. Though he dreaded the domination of ignorance and vice, believing that salvation comes not by the might of the unenlightened many, but through the influence of the enlightened few, he was always the friend of the people.

During his visits to this country, there were few things in which he manifested so eager an interest as in the conversation of our laboring men as overheard by him from time to time. Frequently he repeated to me sentences which had reached him in the street, upon the trains, or at railway stations, asking, "Is not such intelligence uncommon amongst your working people?" Upon my replying in the negative, he would say, "It is surprising; you would not meet with it in England." A democrat by conviction rather than by temperament, urging democracy as "the only method consistent with the human instinct toward expansion," he was yet an educator, and believed in equality upon a high, not upon a low, plane. Like Ruskin, he demanded of men their best, and with less than their best refused to be satisfied.

Culture,—the sentiment for beauty, the passion for perfection, "the acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world,"—this he deemed the remedy for the unideal frivolity of the barbarian, the arid, self-complacent dullness of the Philistine, the hopeless intellectual squalor of the populace. Against vice and stupidity he waged uncompromising war, assailing them with all the arms of light, with "lucid wit and lambent irony"; but his true temper was "uncontentious, mild, and winning," and his longing was for peace—for tranquil thoughts and equable delights. Life was not to him, as to so many, a series of sorrowful frustrations. He had ability equal to every task imposed; and with his simple tastes and inexhaustible interests, it would have been easy for him to live in the enjoyment of a home wholly congenial, writing, amidst temperate scenes beloved, poetry and criticism which should not die. But the "hopeless tangle of the age," his earnest, wistful solicitude for men, the spectacle of their lives,—ignorant, unlovely, joyless, debased,—compelled him to seek a solution and a remedy for the evils which beset them.

Like Newman, he had weapons of wit, of raillery, of disdain; and he used them freely, unsparingly, hesitating not to wound, if only he might heal. Many, failing to see the importance of his mission, ridiculed him as "an elegant and spurious Jeremiah," and as the apostle of "sweetness and light." But he brought them sweetness, and he brought them light. He overthrew the Philistinism, corrected the taste, and enriched the ideals of two continents.

Mr. Arnold's criticism of America has been widely discussed. I remember that after the marriage of his daughter to an American, a friend laughingly remarked to him, "And now you have given us hostages, and you will never be able to tell us the truth about ourselves any more." Mr. Arnold smiled, and made no answer; but of him it may be said, if of any, "He was so severe a lover of justice, and so precise a lover of truth, that he was superior to all possible temptations for the violation of either."

When to our ears came the first intimation that in us also he had found things of which he did not wholly approve, we were filled with amazement, and a storm of indignation swept over the land. But even in the midst of our wrath, hushing it to sudden stillness, came the news that the great world-critic was dead—that in praise or in blame he would speak to men no more. Then sorrowfully we remembered how wise had been his judgments as to other countries, and we bethought ourselves that of us and of our institutions he had indeed said nothing unkind, but had spoken only as he had spoken of peoples and of institutions old and new. Our size had not impressed him, our numbers had not awed him, our wealth had not inspired him. He had recalled the great nations of the earth, and had remembered that they were neither the largest nor the richest nor the most populous nations. He had

thought of little Greece and little England, and had realized that races, like individuals, are developed by adversity; and he had felt that in our strength there lay a weakness; in our extent, our numbers, and our wealth, a menace to our future. "A revealer of racial faults and racial virtues," it was not given him to flatter and prophesy smooth things; rather to awaken in men divine dissatisfactions, to quicken in them the sense of their infirmities, to lead them to the study of perfection.

His love for England will not be questioned: it is written in enduring monuments, in many paragraphs as deathless as the panegyric, familiar to all, which he pronounced upon Oxford, the home of his youth:

Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!—

"There are our young barbarians all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone? ... Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines compared with that warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

But Arnold's devotion to his native land is not more apparent in passages such as these than in those sentences wherein he reproves her.

Philistinism! [he says] we have not the expression in England. Perhaps we have not the expression because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the headquarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism.... Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country that the sky over his head is of brass and iron.

Nor is a true devotion more marked in his praise than in the temper with which he answers the critics of his nation's faults; to Heine's bitter censures replying:

*I chide with thee not, that thy sharp  
Upbraidings often assail'd  
England, my country—for we,  
Heavy and sad, for her sons,  
Long since, deep in our hearts,  
Echo the blame of her foes.  
We, too, sigh that she flags;  
We, too, say that she now—  
Scarce comprehending the voice  
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons  
Of a former age any more—  
Stupidly travels her round*

*Of mechanic business, and lets  
Slow die out of her life  
Glory, and genius, and joy.*

*So thou arraign'st her, her foe;  
So we arraign her, her sons.*

*Yes, we arraign her! but she,  
The weary Titan, with deaf  
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by,  
Staggering on to her goal;  
Bearing on shoulders immense,  
Atlanterän, the load,  
Wellnigh not to be borne,  
Of the too vast orb of her fate.*

"It is impossible," says a recent writer, "for any sane person who knows England, and who knows America, to read Matthew Arnold's exposition of the English character, and say that it is in the main untrue." For ourselves, we may deplore, not that he criticized us, but that one so exceptionally qualified had not the opportunity of knowing and of telling us more as to our defects.

It should perhaps not seem strange that since his death there has been manifest in certain quarters a desire to lessen the influence of Arnold by emphasizing in him the quality of unbelief. "Truth provokes those whom she does not convert," and we are slow to forgive the disturbers of our doctrine. Still, it becomes us to acquaint ourselves with the character of the unbelief we condemn, remembering that it is St. Paul who says, "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."

There were published some time ago, and by an authority whose literary decisions as to Mr. Arnold—excepting in so far as they are biased by theological prejudice—are of the best we have yet had, two papers, treating of Newman as the poet of faith and of Arnold as the poet of doubt. And since the writer is not alone in his attempt to magnify the faith of Newman by contrasting it with what is termed Arnold's "doubt," we should ask ourselves upon what grounds such comparisons are based, and for what good reasons these two are selected as typical of qualities so opposed. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that of modern men of genius Matthew Arnold's favorite was John Henry Newman. Many will recall the noble and characteristic sentences which open the lecture on Emerson; wherein, recalling the days when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, Arnold declares, "Voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still," "Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever." Of those voices Newman's most deeply penetrated the heart of the impressionable student, and though Arnold afterward came to feel that in becoming a Roman Catholic Newman had adopted "for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible," he never ceased to admire in him the combination of traits—the mingled gentleness and irony, lucidity and urbanity—which had captivated his boyish imagination, nor to revere in him the inspirer of his youth. I know of no picture of Newman so winning, so altogether gracious, as that at the beginning of the lecture on Emerson.

Faith and doubt are dangerous terms, readily interchangeable, and requiring at each recurrence to be freshly defined. That Matthew Arnold had "doubts," there can be no question. But how was he singular in this regard? Had the author of *Job* no doubts? Had Milton, Goethe, Coleridge, Heine, Shelley, Kingsley, Clough, Tennyson, Emerson, no doubts? Had Newman himself no doubts? In a pamphlet published in 1838, the cardinal attempted, so he tells us, "to place the doctrine of the Real Presence on an intellectual basis, by the denial of the existence of Space, except as a subjective idea of our minds." From this it would appear that he had important doubts, since he doubted the existence of space itself. But the entire "Apologia pro Vita sua" is the history of doubt—the apology of a doubter despairingly seeking shelter from "the devouring flame of thought."

That there is no *via media* in the service of truth, Newman perfectly realized. "My battle," he wrote, "is with liberalism—scarcely now a party; it is the educated lay world." Naturally for him the appeals of truth sounded fainter, and because of his doubts, and the intolerable burden of them, he fled to Rome, finding rest beneath the ægis of authority.

To most of us there come moments of like spiritual lassitude when, wearied in the conflict, we long for like relief; when, the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint, we would gladly fling ourselves upon the bosom of an infallible Church which should bid us think no more. But such moments we account not our noblest moments, nor do we esteem them periods of faith. In the words of Newman—the Newman of an earlier day—we, too, may say: "Considering the high gifts and strong claims of the Church of Rome, and its dependencies on our admiration, reverence, love, and gratitude, how could we withstand it as we do, how could we refrain from being melted into tenderness and rushing into communion with it, but for the words of truth itself, which bid us prefer it to the whole world? 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me!'"

The name of Cardinal Newman has been a great name,—many things besides his own rare gifts conspired to make it so,—but it may safely be assumed that it will be a name less potent in the future. For his faith—a faith in darkness and in ignorance we are obliged to consider it—he battled against the enlightenment of the age, against the spirit of "the educated lay world." He distrusted man's highest endowment, and, in dishonoring reason, dishonored, to quote Bishop Butler, "the only faculty given unto man whereby he can judge of anything." His doctrines are already a kind of anachronism, and many of his pages read like protests from the middle ages. He rejected the ideals of the future, and his ideals will the future reject, remembering him tenderly, yet with compassion, as one whose voice still pleaded in the dawn for the return of a night wholly past. Newman may stand for much that is valuable, for much that is appealing, lofty, spiritual, beautiful, but unless by "faith" we mean the abdication of the throne of intelligence, in a voluntary subordination to visible authority, for faith he may not stand.

"No man can be great," says Emerson, "who is not a nonconformist," and certain it is that in their generation the greatest have been accounted heretics, and as heretics condemned. The doubt of to-day becomes the faith of to-morrow, and "incredulity," as Aristotle tells us, "is the beginning of wisdom."

It is not my purpose to attempt a vindication of the religious opinions and teachings of Matthew Arnold. It is necessary only to state what those teachings and opinions actually were, and to free them from some misconceptions. Upon this subject I speak with less timidity because, moved by what seemed to me the erroneous interpretations placed upon them, some years ago I wrote in full my understanding of what the author of "Literature and Dogma" had in that work intended to convey, and, after reading the statement, Mr. Arnold indorsed it fully.

Says the Persian proverb: To know that we know that which we know, and to know that we do not

know that which we do not know—that is true knowledge. Matthew Arnold had a fondness for knowing that which he knew, and he disliked what he termed "men's insane license of affirmation about God"—their way of talking of him as of "a magnified and non-natural man in the next street." Holding with Bishop Butler that "religion after all is nothing if it is not true," he believed that our faith should at least rest upon foundations which are verifiable; and for these foundations he looked within, finding in the sense of right and wrong in man—in the Ought, the mysterious Thou shalt, which we name the voice of duty—what seemed to him irrefutable evidence of an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness! In other words, he believed that we may verify God, may assure ourselves as to the Eternal who cares for, and who demands of us, righteousness.

The Bible was dear to him as it is dear to few, and his knowledge of the Bible was so exceptional as to be, among laymen, well nigh unique. He recommended men to read it, not as a miraculous and talismanic book, but as the best account of the spiritual life of that people who, of all the peoples of the earth, had the greatest genius for conduct—the clearest intuitions concerning the Eternal who loveth righteousness. Conduct he estimated as three fourths of life, and he held with the prophet Micah, that "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly" is to fulfil the requirement of the Eternal. O ye that love the Eternal, see that ye hate the thing which is evil! To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God!

Religion he defined, not as the acceptance or rejection of dogmas, but as "a temper and a behavior," and he urged men to the Bible that they might win from its teachings something of the secret and the method of Christ, something of the mildness and sweet reasonableness of Jesus; that, through its influence, they might come to believe that "the path of the just is as a shining light," that "the gentle shall inherit the earth," that "the pure in heart shall see God."

I once repeated to him some lines of Clough's which pleased him. They were these: "Let there be priests to preserve the known, and let them, as is their office, magnify their office, and say, 'It is all'; but there shall also be priests to vindicate the unknown, nor shall it be accounted presumption in them to maintain, 'It is not all!'" Matthew Arnold had no quarrel with the known, but he himself was a priest of the unknown, and for its vindication he labored till the end. We talk of doubt, but the real doubt was not in him. His eye was single, and in all that is most lovely, most sacred, most abiding he believed; but he spoke, in a time of spiritual conflict and transition-state of opinion, to the needs of a doubt-sick world—a world grown material and skeptical of good, which, casting all faith behind, questions whether it be not well to eat, drink, and be merry, since to-morrow we die.

*Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,  
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!  
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;  
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;  
We live no more when we have done our span."—  
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?  
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?  
Live we like brutes, our life without a plan?"  
So answerest thou; but why not rather say:  
"Hath man no second life?—Pitch this one high!  
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—  
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!  
Was Christ a man like us?—Ah! let us try  
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"*

So replied he to the forlorn disbelief of the age; so, and in even loftier strains, in his "East London."

A recent writer, in speaking of these two sonnets, says, "There may be better poetry in the English language, but there are no better sermons." Whatever our differences of opinion, it must be admitted that Matthew Arnold was always, and clearly, on the side of religion, virtue, and the ideal. The last years of his life he devoted to the salvation of men from their doubts, and some he saved. In a quotation of incomparable felicity he has defined the infallible Church Catholic, as "the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come." Of that church he preached the evangel, and its wistful musings; its deathless aspirations he declared. Many will say they believed more than he, and therefore did not need him. Let them rejoice, who were already so happy, but let them remember, what in "Literature and Dogma" he distinctly avows, that "he did not speak to them." A benefactor of the race, eagerly interested in its mental and spiritual progress, the future will award him the praise he bestowed on Emerson: "He was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit."

It is habitual with some, at mention of the name of Matthew Arnold, to speak of what they call his gloom. "He is so sad," they say, "so hopeless, so depressing." Of the prevalent misapprehensions concerning him, this seems the most curious; and marveling how any who have read him can have arrived at so inadequate a conclusion, one is tempted to question whether the objectors to his "gloom" can, indeed, have read him, save in the most fragmentary way. Those to whom his writings are undoubtedly known, even where their prejudices lead them to feel that one holding his heretical opinions should be gloomy, hopeless, sad, admit that he was not so, and bear ready witness to his buoyancy, to the high courage and cheerfulness with which, under conditions the most adverse and dispiriting, "he onward fared, by his own heart inspired." Of his verse Richard Holt Hutton remarks: "It is this sense of pure refreshment in Nature, this calm amid feverish strife, this dew after hot thought, that determines the style of his studies of Nature. His poetry of this kind is the sweetest, the most tranquilizing, the most quieting of its sort to be found in English literature." Mr. Augustine Birrell calls attention to an assertion made in the London "Spectator" that Mr. Arnold's poetry "has never consoled anybody." Of this assertion he indignantly declares:

A falser statement was never made innocently. Mr. Arnold's poetry has been found full of consolation! How could it be otherwise? His love of nature and treatment of nature have been to many a vexed soul a great joy and an intense relief. . . . He was most distinctly on the side of human enjoyment. The world's sights and sounds were dear to him: "the uncrumpling fern," "the eternal moon-lit snow," "sweet-william, with its homely cottage-smell," "the red grouse, springing at our sound," "the tinkling bells of the high-pasturing kine"—human loves, joys, sorrows, all interested, touched, or amused him. He is not a bulky poet,—three volumes contain him,—but hardly a page can be opened without the eye lighting on verse which at one time or another has been, either to you or some one dear to you, strength or joy.

And in this connection we have Arnold's own testimony. Of Emerson he says:

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." . . . His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations." One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work

an invaluable virtue.... Carlyle's perverse attitude toward happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness. He is wrong; "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope." ... Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; that hope is, as Wordsworth well says,

*"The paramount duty which Heaven lays,  
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart."*

Those who talk of Arnold's gloom ignore that playful and unique vein of humor which, threading his thought and conversation like a sunlit strand, lent them charm and brightness. In him the world lost a source of gladness. "He always conspired and contrived to make things pleasant." From those of his own household the statement is ever the same. "He was the very center and joy of our lives." His mirth was as spontaneous and irresistible as that of a child, and the buoyancy and elasticity of his temper were as wonderful as were its mildness and benignity.

But humor, we are told, finds no place at the top of Parnassus, and it would be absurd to claim that there is not in Arnold's poetry, as in most things wholly exquisite, a note of sadness and melancholy yearning. He is the greatest of our elegiac poets; yet "the irrepressible elation of the idealist" was his, and his verse, written with intense sincerity and exaltation of touch, has an out-of-door and incommunicable charm which restores and elevates the mind. If it is true, as Hutton tells us, that in his poems there are the qualities ascribed by Hazlitt to Wordsworth's "Laodamia," "the sweetness, the strength, the gravity, the beauty, and the languor of death—calm contemplation and majestic pains," equally true is it that to certain minds there have come "a refreshment and illumination from his pages, which they have found nowhere else"; that living, as he lived, very near to us, "his verse inspires, in those who care for it at all, an almost passionate devotedness." "One reads his poems," wrote an eminent critic years ago—"one reads his poems for the fiftieth time, and for the fiftieth time one feels inclined to esteem their author for the chief of living poets!"

To our great ones we pardon much, condoning often where we should condemn, but Arnold requires of us neither excuses nor compassion. In him was that rare combination of qualities ascribed to Pericles—a genius the most fervid, with passions the best regulated.

In an article published in the "Manchester Guardian," and entitled "Matthew Arnold—by One who Knew him Well," Mr. Thomas Arnold, the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and a man distinguished as one of the more important of those who followed Newman into the Church of Rome, thus writes of his brother:

When we survey the wide field over which ranged the powerful mind of him whom we have lost,—the poetry of every age, classical literature, the philosophy of the Græco-Roman and Christian worlds, all that is best in modern literature, besides the special knowledge of education and its methods which his calling required,—and then consider that more than forty years ago, when he was but twenty-four years old, this man knew that he was, in a certain sense, doomed,—an eminent physician having told him that the action of his heart was not regular,—the spectacle of his unflagging energy all these years, of his cheerfulness, his hopefulness, his unselfish helpfulness, his tender sympathy with all the honest weak, and all the struggling good, seems to bring before us one of the most pathetic and beautiful pictures that modern life affords.

Yes, he who at the time of his death "was probably, all things considered, the most distinguished man of letters of the English-speaking world," while laboring with entire devotedness for the happiness and elevation of men, was himself "surely and visibly touched by the finger of doom."

In this relation a deeper interest attaches to the following extract from one of the last letters which he wrote to this country.

I had been thinking of you [he says], and had sent off to you a republication of one of my books, which contains some new matter, and would, I thought, interest you. Now comes your letter, which I am glad to receive though it tells me of —'s death. I remember her perfectly; she was a woman of great vigor of mind, and it was a pleasure to me to make her acquaintance. One should try to bring oneself to regard death as a quite natural event, and surely in the case of the old it is not difficult to do this. For my part, since I was sixty, I have regarded each year, as it ended, as something to the good beyond what I could naturally have expected. This summer in America I began to think that my time was really coming to an end—I had so much pain in my chest, the sign of a malady which had suddenly struck down in middle life, long before they came to my present age, both my father and grandfather. I feel sure that the University lecture in Philadelphia had nothing to do with it; the heat did not oppress me, and the beauty of your vegetation was a perpetual pleasure.... My remembrance of our last visit to you, and of your tulip-trees and maples, I shall never lose.... Think of me when the tulip-trees come into blossom in June.

Five years have passed since those words were written, and it is June. Once more I see the maple green, and the tulip-trees in flower—but

Lycidas is dead, and hath not left his peer!

Florence Earle Coates.

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Chapter One of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* by Mark Twain

**Pudd'nhead Wins His Name**

As serialized in The Century Magazine

The scene of this chronicle is the town of Dawson's Landing, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, half a day's journey, per steamboat, below St. Louis.

In 1830 it was a snug collection of modest one-and two-story frame dwellings, whose whitewashed exteriors were almost concealed from sight by climbing tangles of rose vines, honeysuckles, and morning glories. Each of these pretty homes had a garden in front fenced with white palings and opulently stocked with hollyhocks, marigolds, touch-me-nots, prince's-feathers, and other old-fashioned flowers; while on the windowsills of the houses stood wooden boxes containing moss-rose plants and terra-cotta pots in which grew a breed of geranium whose spread of intensely red blossoms accented the prevailing pink tint of the rose-clad house-front like an explosion of flame. When there was room on the ledge outside of the pots and boxes for a cat, the cat was there -- in sunny weather -- stretched at full length, asleep and blissful, with her furry belly to the sun and a paw curved over her nose. Then that house was complete, and its contentment and peace were made manifest to the world by this symbol, whose testimony is infallible. A home without a cat -- and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat -- may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?

All along the streets, on both sides, at the outer edge of the brick sidewalks, stood locust trees with

trunks protected by wooden boxing, and these furnished shade for summer and a sweet fragrancer in spring, when the clusters of buds came forth. The main street, one block back from the river, and running parallel with it, was the sole business street. It was six blocks long, and in each block two or three brick stores, three stories high, towered above interjected bunches of little frame shops. Swinging signs creaked in the wind the street's whole length. The candy-striped pole, which indicates nobility proud and ancient along the palace-bordered canals of Venice, indicated merely the humble barbershop along the main street of Dawson's Landing. On a chief corner stood a lofty unpainted pole wreathed from top to bottom with tin pots and pans and cups, the chief tinmonger's noisy notice to the world (when the wind blew) that his shop was on hand for business at that corner.

The hamlet's front was washed by the clear waters of the great river; its body stretched itself rearward up a gentle incline; its most rearward border fringed itself out and scattered its houses about its base line of the hills; the hills rose high, enclosing the town in a half-moon curve, clothed with forests from foot to summit.

Steamboats passed up and down every hour or so. Those belonging to the little Cairo line and the little Memphis line always stopped; the big Orleans liners stopped for hails only, or to land passengers or freight; and this was the case also with the great flotilla of "transients." These latter came out of a dozen rivers -- the Illinois, the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Tennessee, the Red River, the White River, and so on -- and were bound every whither and stocked with every imaginable comfort or necessity, which the Mississippi's communities could want, from the frosty Falls of St. Anthony down through nine climates to torrid New Orleans.

Dawson's Landing was a slaveholding town, with a rich, slave-worked grain and pork country back of it. The town was sleepy and comfortable and contented. It was fifty years old, and was growing slowly -- very slowly, in fact, but still it was growing.

The chief citizen was York Leicester Driscoll, about forty years old, judge of the county court. He was very proud of his old Virginian ancestry, and in his hospitalities and his rather formal and stately manners, he kept up its traditions. He was fine and just and generous. To be a gentleman -- a gentleman without stain or blemish -- was his only religion, and to it he was always faithful. He was respected, esteemed, and beloved by all of the community. He was well off, and was gradually adding to his store. He and his wife were very nearly happy, but not quite, for they had no children. The longing for the treasure of a child had grown stronger and stronger as the years slipped away, but the blessing never came -- and was never to come.

With this pair lived the judge's widowed sister, Mrs. Rachel Pratt, and she also was childless -- childless, and sorrowful for that reason, and not to be comforted. The women were good and commonplace people, and did their duty, and had their reward in clear consciences and the community's approbation. They were Presbyterians, the judge was a freethinker.

Pembroke Howard, lawyer and bachelor, aged almost forty, was another old Virginian grandee with proved descent from the First Families. He was a fine, brave majestic creature, a gentleman according to the nicest requirements of the Virginia rule, a devoted Presbyterian, an authority on the "code", and a man always courteously ready to stand up before you in the field if any act or word of his had seemed doubtful or suspicious to you, and explain it with any weapon you might prefer from bradawls to artillery. He was very popular with the people, and was the judge's dearest friend.

Then there was Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex, another F.F.V. of formidable caliber -- however, with

him we have no concern.

Percy Northumberland Driscoll, brother to the judge, and younger than he by five years, was a married man, and had had children around his hearthstone; but they were attacked in detail by measles, croup, and scarlet fever, and this had given the doctor a chance with his effective antediluvian methods; so the cradles were empty. He was a prosperous man, with a good head for speculations, and his fortune was growing. On the first of February, 1830, two boy babes were born in his house; one to him, the other to one of his slave girls, Roxana by name. Roxana was twenty years old. She was up and around the same day, with her hands full, for she was tending both babes.

Mrs. Percy Driscoll died within the week. Roxy remained in charge of the children. She had her own way, for Mr. Driscoll soon absorbed himself in his speculations and left her to her own devices.

In that same month of February, Dawson's Landing gained a new citizen. This was Mr. David Wilson, a young fellow of Scotch parentage. He had wandered to this remote region from his birthplace in the interior of the State of New York, to seek his fortune. He was twenty-five years old, college bred, and had finished a post-college course in an Eastern law school a couple of years before.

He was a homely, freckled, sandy-haired young fellow, with an intelligent blue eye that had frankness and comradeship in it and a covert twinkle of a pleasant sort. But for an unfortunate remark of his, he would no doubt have entered at once upon a successful career at Dawson's Landing. But he made his fatal remark the first day he spent in the village, and it "gaged" him. He had just made the acquaintance of a group of citizens when an invisible dog began to yelp and snarl and howl and make himself very comprehensively disagreeable, whereupon young Wilson said, much as one who is thinking aloud:

"I wish I owned half of that dog."

"Why?" somebody asked.

"Because I would kill my half."

The group searched his face with curiosity, with anxiety even, but found no light there, no expression that they could read. They fell away from him as from something uncanny, and went into privacy to discuss him. One said:

"Pears to be a fool."

"Pears?" said another. "Is, I reckon you better say."

"Said he wished he owned half of the dog, the idiot," said a third. "What did he reckon would become of the other half if he killed his half? Do you reckon he thought it would live?"

"Why, he must have thought it, unless he IS the downrightest fool in the world; because if he hadn't thought it, he would have wanted to own the whole dog, knowing that if he killed his half and the other half died, he would be responsible for that half just the same as if he had killed that half instead of his own. Don't it look that way to you, gents?"

"Yes, it does. If he owned one half of the general dog, it would be so; if he owned one end of the dog

and another person owned the other end, it would be so, just the same; particularly in the first case, because if you kill one half of a general dog, there ain't any man that can tell whose half it was; but if he owned one end of the dog, maybe he could kill his end of it and -- "

"No, he couldn't either; he couldn't and not be responsible if the other end died, which it would. In my opinion that man ain't in his right mind."

"In my opinion he hain't got any mind."

No. 3 said: "Well, he's a lummox, anyway."

That's what he is;" said No. 4. "He's a labrick -- just a Simon-pure labrick, if there was one." "Yes, sir, he's a dam fool. That's the way I put him up," said No. 5. "Anybody can think different that wants to, but those are my sentiments."

"I'm with you, gentlemen," said No. 6. "Perfect jackass -- yes, and it ain't going too far to say he is a pudd'nhead. If he ain't a pudd'nhead, I ain't no judge, that's all."

Mr. Wilson stood elected. The incident was told all over the town, and gravely discussed by everybody. Within a week he had lost his first name; Pudd'nhead took its place. In time he came to be liked, and well liked too; but by that time the nickname had got well stuck on, and it stayed. That first day's verdict made him a fool, and he was not able to get it set aside, or even modified. The nickname soon ceased to carry any harsh or unfriendly feeling with it, but it held its place, and was to continue to hold its place for twenty long years.

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## A Dialogue

by Bliss Carman

*Century Magazine* Volume 47, Issue 5 (March, 1894)

### THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

O life, dear Life, in this fair house  
    Long since did I, it seems to me,  
In some mysterious, doleful way  
    Fall out of love with thee.

For, Life, thou art become a ghost,  
    A memory of days gone by;  
A poor forsaken thing between  
    A heartache and a sigh.

And now, with shadows from the hills  
    Thronging the twilight, wraith on wraith,  
Unlock the door and let me go  
    To thy dark rival Death!

## THE FAITHFUL LOVE.

O Heart, dear Heart, in this fair house  
    Why hast thou wearied and grown tired,  
Between a morning and a night,  
    Of all thy soul desired?

Fond one, who cannot understand  
    Even these shadows on the floor,  
Yet must be dreaming of dark loves  
    And joys beyond my door!

But I am beautiful past all  
    The timid tumult of thy mood,  
And thou, returning not, must still  
    Be mine in solitude.

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## Minerva in Boston

by Edward A. Church

Century Magazine Volume 47, Issue 5 (March, 1894)

My Minerva flouts the Graces, and forgets how fair her face is,  
    But the higher criticism she entirely comprehends;  
So she dresses very plainly, after some reform ungainly,  
    And looks on Briggs and Spencer as her intimates and friends.

She 's indifferent to ices and confectioners' devices,  
    But on esoteric Buddhism she loves to ponder well;  
And though she never glances at the popular romances,  
    She indulges on occasion in a "study" or "pastel."

She's superior to flirtation; she contributes to "The Nation,"  
    And she'd be a rank agnostic if she didn't know so much;  
She declines in social duty to display her modest beauty,  
    But she 's put a poem of Browning into genuine low Dutch.

She is musically clever, and the "tune" taboos forever,  
    For to "Vaguer" she is faithful, and to Brahms she gives her heart;  
Then at art's high altar kneeling she will talk "technic" and "feeling,"  
    And if I say, "It's pretty," will reply, "But is it art?"

Dare I ever hope to hold her in the arms that would infold her?  
    Or, with Plato for my pattern, must I tell my love in Greek?  
Let me curb this crude young passion, and, since courting's out of fashion,  
    Woo Minerva with a problem, and of Eros shyly speak.

Most persistently I'm cramming, but I weary of my shamming,  
And am not intoxicated with Castalia's bitter cup;  
I might win the maid's affections through a course in conic sections,  
But I wonder if, once married, I could keep the blamed thing up.

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## THROUGH UJI TO NARA

*Jinrikisha Days in Japan*  
by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore

An early morning start, with many jinrikishas and tandems of coolies; a wild spin through the streets, past shops, temple gates and walls; by the innumerable torii and lanterns forming arches and vistas in the groves of

### PICKING TEA

Inari, the great temple of the fox-god, and we came out on the plain beyond Fushimi; then an irregular, hilly country, green with ancient pine and bamboo groves, every open valley and hill-side set with low, green mounds of tea-bushes; sandy, white roads, clear rushing streams, and we were in the heart of Uji, the finest tea district of Japan.

Groups of bobbing hats beside the tea-bushes, carts loaded with sacks and baskets of tea-leaves; trays of toasting tea-leaves within every door-way, a delicate rose-like fragrance in the air; women and children sorting the crop in every village; and this was the tea season in its height. Here were bushes two and three hundred years old yielding every year their certain harvest, and whole hill-sides covered with matted awnings to keep from scorching or toughening in the hot sun those delicate young leaves, which are destined to become the costly and exquisite teas chosen by the sovereign and his richest subjects.

Then we toiled up bush-covered steeps to cross elevated river-beds; rode through towered floodgates of dry watercourses, down to the green plain their lost waters had fed; through village streets, and past many a picturesque tateba, in one of which stood a little yellow Cupid in the sunshine that filtered through a wistaria trellis; and so on through ever-changing country scenes to the famous view of Nara's temples, trees, and pagodas.

Nara! A mountain-side covered with giant trees bound together by vines and old creepers; an ancient forest seamed with broad avenues, where the sunlight falls in patches and deer lie drowsing in the fern; double and triple lines of moss-covered stone lanterns massing themselves together, their green tops dim in the dense shadow; temples twelve centuries old; the booming of bells, and the music of running water.

Nara! The ancient capital, the cradle of Buddhism, and still the holy place of pilgrimages; its forest paths echoing the jingle of the devotees' ringed staffs, the mutter of their prayers, and the clink of their copper offerings at the temple gates. A place of stillness and dreams; an Arcadia, where the little children and the fawns play together, and the antlered deer eat from one's hand, and look up fearlessly with their soft human eyes. Old Shinto temples, where the priestesses dance the sacred measures of Suzume before the Sun Goddess's cave; temples where Buddha and Kwannon sit in gilded glory on the

lotus, and lights, incense, and bells accompany the splendid ceremonies of that faith.

The great antiquity of Nara makes the magnificence of Nikko, with its Shogun's tombs, seem almost parvenu. It is the good-fortune of the older fane that its distance from the railroad—twenty-six miles—saves it from the rush of progress and the stream of tourists.

The founder of Nara rode up to the mountain on a deer to choose a residence for himself, and ever since the deer have been petted and protected. Groups of them, lying under the trees, permit themselves to be admired, and feeding parties turn their pretty pointed heads to look after the visitor. The does and fawns, however, hide in the dark fern-covered ravines. All through the forest and temple grounds are little thatched houses, where tea for man and corn-meal for deer are sold, together with the little carved images and deer-horn toys for which Nara is famous. It is a pity that the Japanese name for deer is such a harsh, unmusical word as *shika*, which even the little children, who toddle after the pretty creatures with outstretched hands, cannot make musical. Plump little country maids, with their tied-up sleeves, are heard from sunrise until dusk calling up the deer to be fed—"Ko! ko! ko! ko!" (Come! come! come! come!) and at the word "Ko" even the fattest and heaviest stag lumbers forward and nibbles from their hands. Moving at leisure, these deer have a stiff, wooden gait, and seem badly-proportioned animals. It is when one leaps and bounds down some avenue, or across a clearing, that it shows its grace. The gentleness of these Nara pets is due, of course, to the long immunity from violence enjoyed by their race, beloved and protected by gods and men. Only once have they ever been harmed, and that blow was dealt by a young Japanese convert to Christianity, who struck at them as emblems of heathenism!

The atmosphere of Nara is serene and gentle—the true atmosphere of Japan. The priests are quiet, courteous old men, and the little priestesses, soft-footed and tranquil, dance in a slow succession of dignified poses. The Kasuga temple is a very cathedral of Shintoism, a place of many court-yards, surrounded by gates, and buildings painted bright Shinto red, with sacred straw ropes and symbolical bits of rice-paper hanging before the open doors. Venerable cryptomeria-trees, worthy of a California grove, stretch the great buttresses of their roots over the ground of the court-yard, and one thatched roof lovingly embraces the trunk of a crooked old tree that almost rests on it. Wistaria vines, thick, gnarled, and lichen-covered with the growth of years, hang in giant festoons from the trees, roll in curves and loops over the ground, and, climbing to the top of the tallest pines, hang their clusters of pale-green leaves like blossoms against the dark evergreens. A giant trunk, from which grow branches of the camellia, cherry, plum, wild ivy, wistaria and nandina, is a perpetual marvel. All through the woods the wistaria runs wild, leaps from tree to tree, and ties and knots itself in titanic coils.

In such lovely scenes the Kasuga priests lead an ideal existence. They marry, they raise families; their little daughters perform the sacred dance in the temple for a certain number of years, and they may leave the priesthood if they wish. All the brotherhood wear the loose, flowing purple trousers, white gauze coats, and black, helmet-shaped caps prescribed by the Shinto rules; and besides making the morning and evening offerings to the gods, and conducting special ceremonies on the two purification days of the year, they play the ancient flute and drum, and chant a hymn while the sacred dance is given. For a poetic, philosophical, meditative, or lazy man nothing could be more congenial than this life. Hurry, novelty, and the rush of events come not near Nara, which is in the land "wherein it seemed always afternoon."

The pilgrims, who trudge from the most distant provinces with bell and beads and staff, make up the greater number of visitors, and their white garments, straw sandals, cloaks, and hats, are of a fashion centuries old. Bands of these votaries go through the temple courts, in charge of voluble guides, who

intone a description of the places in the way of their craft the world over. One or two old men seem always to be sauntering up the long avenue, stopping frequently to rest, praying at every shrine, and muttering to themselves praises of the sacred place. Their wrinkled faces glow with pleasure, and they delight in watching the deer, to whom the tinkle of a pilgrim's bell or iron-ringed staff is always a promise of cakes.

To the antiquarian, Nara is full of interest. The temples, founded in the seventh and eighth centuries, were the first Buddhist sanctuaries in Japan; Buddhism, coming from India by way of China and Korea, having found its first home here when Nara was the imperial capital. Four empresses and three emperors held the sceptre between 708 and 782, and all the region is historic ground. The great city, that covered the plain for centuries after that imperial day, has shrunken to a small provincial town, still eloquent of the past. The Shinto temples, as their rules provide, have been rebuilt every twenty years, the original buildings being exactly duplicated each time, so that, in their freshness and perfect repair, they look now as they did a thousand years ago. The Buddhist shrines have been burned, rebuilt, half abandoned at times; and in recent years, since their lands were taken from them and their revenues withheld, have suffered seriously. The largest image of Buddha is the Nara Dai Butsu. The seated deity, 63 feet in height, was set upon his lotus pedestal in 749, and once the head of the statue fell off and was broken, and twice the temple burned and melted it. The temple enshrining the bronze deity is now dilapidated, and the huge corner beams and brackets of the roof are braced with timbers, so that an earthquake would be likely to overset the holy place.

The great two-storied gate way of the Dai Butsu temple has stood for eleven centuries and more, and is a picturesque, weather-beaten old structure, apparently strong enough to resist the assaults of another thousand years. Colossal Nio, with hideous countenances, stand on guard in niches, and within is a large green court-yard, and a closed gallery on the two sides that connect the gate-way with the temple—the cloister of a European cathedral. A huge bronze lantern, one of the earliest examples of such work, is said to have long contained the sacred fire brought from Ceylon. The great Buddha itself is disappointing, because seen too near. The face is sixteen feet long and over nine feet wide, and the expression is not calm, soulful, and meditative, as Buddha in Nirvana should be, but heavy and stolid, with a hard, unmeditative stare. The gilding with which the statue was once covered has worn away with time, leaving it as dark and blackened as befits its Hottentot countenance. On the great halo are images six and eight feet high that look like pygmies.

Behind the Buddha is a museum of antiquities connected in some way with the temple and its founders and patrons. Here are kept the carpenters' tools with which the first temple was built, and prehistoric-looking fragments of bronze and iron to which the stranger finds no clew. A door of the palace whereon Kusunoki, the Chevalier Bayard of Japan, wrote a farewell message with his arrow when he went away to his last battle, images, carvings, old armor, weapons, and trappings, afford the Japanese visitor much delight. But the real treasures of Dai Butsu are the relics left to it by one of the Nara Emperors, who built a substantial log storehouse in the enclosure, and bequeathed to the temple everything his palace contained. Palaces were small in those days, and their furnishings scanty; but the clothing, household effects, and ornaments of the dead benefactor were brought to this storehouse and carefully sealed up. Every summer, after the rainy season ends, the treasures are aired, the inventory verified, and the place sealed up again. Three of the greatest nobles of the empire are associated with the high-priest in the care of these Nara relics, and the storehouse can only be opened by an imperial order transmitted in the handwriting of the emperor. Only royal or greatly distinguished visitors may ask this privilege, as it is a great trouble and expense to get the guardians together. Its value as a collection and as a picture of the life of the eighth century is hardly appreciated by the Japanese, who chiefly reverence its sacredness as connected with the person of an early Emperor. An imperial commission, made up of officers of the

imperial household and of art connoisseurs, examined, classified, and catalogued the treasures of the Nara and Kioto temples in 1888. Mr. Kuki, late Japanese minister to the United States, and president of this commission, had even this imperial treasure-house opened and the precious relics photographed. The commission and its staff numbered over twenty people, and the old guardians of the storehouse were much disturbed by this invasion of their carefully closed domain, which they would have resisted if they could.

On the hill above the Dai Butsu temple are other Buddhist sanctuaries; the Nigwatsudo and the Hachiman being devoted respectively to the goddess Kwannon and to Hachiman, god of war. Both are resorts for the summer pilgrims, and the droning of prayers, the clapping of hands and rattle of coins, are heard all day long. Stone terraces and staircases, mossy stone lanterns and green drinking-fountains make the old places picturesque, and the platforms afford magnificent views across to the bold mountain-wall in the west that divides Nara from Osaka's fertile rice plain. In the court-yards are sold maps, wood-cuts, and bunches of little cinnamon twigs that the pilgrims find refreshing, and there do captive monkeys perform grotesque antics. One may often see here the Hiyokudo (the hundred times going) performed by faithful pilgrims, who walk a hundred times around in the fulfilment of a vow.

Between these Buddhist temples and the Shinto shrines, hidden in their forest park, there intervenes a smooth, grassy mountain, called the Mikasayama, or "Three-hat hill," because of its three ridges. Every devout pilgrim climbs the delusive, velvety-looking slope to the stone at the third summit to look out upon the rich province of Yamato, "the heart of Japan," and the scene of so many battles, wars and sieges as to be also called "the cockpit of Japan."

Far as the eye can reach the valley is levelled off in rice fields. Tea-bushes stripe the more rolling country with their regular lines of thick, dark foliage; bamboo groves add a softer, more delicate green, and deepest of all are the tones of the pines.

Near the base of the hill, but high enough to command a wide prospect, runs a narrow road lined with little tea-houses and toy-shops where souvenirs are sold. Nara is famous for its cutlery and its India ink, and swords, daggers, knives and scissors are sold by shopmen who perform extraordinary feats to test the temper of their blades. India ink pressed into fantastic shapes, and writing-brushes made of deer's hair, are carefully tied up in the pilgrim's wallets, with the famous little Nara ningio, or images carved in wood. The Nara ningios always represent the legendary priests and people who founded Nara, and in these carvings the rural artists display great talent, giving wonderful expression to the tiny faces that are left rough faceted as first chipped off with the knife.

These tea-houses and shops interpose a neutral and worldly barrier between the cluster of Buddhist establishments at the one side and the region of Shintoism beyond. From the tea-house gates the road makes a curve off into the wistaria-tangled forest to conduct jinrikishas to the lower level, but the pilgrims descend, instead, four long flights of rough stone steps, that are wonderfully picturesque with these quaint moving figures and the queer little shops that hang to the borders of the stairs, climbing up and down the hill with them.

At the foot of the steps the road reappears, crossing a narrow creek-bed on a high bridge that gives one beautiful views of a dark little ravine, across which the trees nearly meet and the ancient creepers are looped and knotted. A little red shrine and a path lined with stone lanterns mark the beginning of the temple enclosure, dense woods rising at one side of the stone lanterns lighting the path to the ancient Shinto sanctuary of Kasuga, and open glades stretching out at the other. A few shops and tea-booths break the line of lanterns on one side; the road is canopied with a great wistaria trellis, and a spring

bubbles up in a stone basin in the midst of rock-work almost hidden in shade and moss. Weary pilgrims stop in this grateful shade to drink and to rest themselves at any hour of the day.

Passing the stall for the sacred white pony of the gods and some brightly-painted red wooden buildings, one enters a great court-yard with lanterns hanging from the eaves of the buildings and galleries surrounding its four sides, through whose doors are visible only a mirror and many-folded papers pendent from a straw rope. This symbolism suffices the believers, who kneel devoutly before it and toss in their coppers as a prelude to their prayers. Beside the shrine is the treasury of the temple, containing famous swords, the gold-mounted armor and helmets of great heroes, and lacquer-boxes holding precious writings and paintings. The queer saddles worn by the deer at the old matsuris are preserved, and yards of panoramic paintings on silk, depicting those splendid pageants of the old days, when the Emperor sent his representative down to witness the parade, and even the deer took part. The closed shrines, scattered through the forest, are quite as impressive as the holy of holies in this temple, and here the bareness and emptiness of Shinto worship strike the beholder. Each of the four little red chapels in a row has a fine bamboo curtain concealing the interior, and the middle chapel into which the pilgrims may look as they pay and pray, presents to their gaze only a screen painted with mythical beasts. A large covered pavilion in the court-yard was provided for the convenience of praying daimios in the time when piety was spectacular, and when the whole retinue of a great man assisted at his devotions. In another pavilion the towns-people burn beans and sow them abroad every winter to drive away evil spirits.

Every twentieth year the priests plant trees to furnish further timbers, but in Kasuga's court are two famous old cryptomeria, now too sacred to be felled even for such purposes, and one, enmeshed in the coils of a wistaria, is a marvel even in Nara. Without the square, heavy-timbered, red gate-way of the court two avenues meet, both lined with rows and rows of tall stone lanterns covered with moss and overhung with the dense foliage of the meeting trees. One avenue leads to a smaller temple, and the other, dropping by a flight of stone steps, turns to the right and descends in a long slope, bordered with regiments of stone lanterns, to a large red torii. Thence it pursues its way, bordered still with massive lanterns, for three-quarters of a mile to the greater torii, marking the limit of the sacred grounds and the beginning of the village streets. Other lantern lines, paths, and staircases join it, and a bronze deer, sitting among rough, mossy boulders under a dense canopy of trees and creepers, pours a stream of pure spring-water into a granite basin. There are more than three thousand of these stone lanterns along the Kasuga approaches, all of them gifts from daimios, nobles, and rich believers; and in days when the temples were rich and faith prosperous, they were lighted every night. At present it is only during great festivals that wicks and saucers of oil are set in all the lanterns, but some sixty points of flame flicker nightly in the dense shadows by the Kasuga gate, giving most weird effects.

From Kasuga gate the upper avenue of lanterns leads to the Wakamiya shrine, dedicated to the early gods of the Shinto religion. Here the old custom of the sacred dance is kept up, and a group of young priestesses is in waiting to repeat the measures danced by Suzume before the Sun Goddess's cave in prehistoric times. The little ministrants are all between the ages of nine and twelve, timid, gentle, and harmless as the deer that often stray in and watch them. Their dress is the old costume of the imperial court—a picturesque lower garment or divided skirt of the brightest cardinal-red silk, and a white kimono, with square sleeves and pointed neck filled with alternate folds of red and white. When they dance they wear loose kimonos of white gauze, painted with the wistaria crest of the Kasuga temple, the front of the gauzy garment half covering the red skirt, and the back pieces trailing on the mats. Their faces are plastered so thickly with white paint that they lose all expression, and, following the old fashion, their eyebrows are shaved, and two tiny black dots high up in the middle of their foreheads take the place of them. With lips heavily rouged, the countenance is more a mask than a human face.

The hair, gathered together at the back of the neck, is tied with loops of gold paper, and then, folded in soft white paper, allowed to hang down the back. Long hair-pins, with clusters of wistaria and red camellia, are thrust across the top of the head, and fastened so that they stand out like horns over the forehead. In detail the costume is not pretty, but in its general effect it is singularly bright and picturesque.

One may have as many sacred dancers and as long a dance as he will pay for, and as soon as the money is received the two priests get into their ceremonial white gowns and high black hats, and, sitting before the ancient drums, chant, pound, and blow on doleful pipes an accompaniment for the little dancers. The sacred dance is solemn enough, and each dancer has a fan and a bunch of bells, from which hang long strips of bright-colored silks. They advance, retreat, glide to right and left, raise their fans, shake their sacred baby-rattles, and, with few changes in the measure, repeat the same figures and movements for a certain length of time. If one pays more money they repeat the same thing, and the priests can wail the endless accompaniment by the hour. To us the dance was simply a curious custom; but the devout old pilgrims, who have hoarded up their money for the journey for months and often years, feel it to be a solemn and sanctified service. It is pathetic to see their faces glowing and their eyes filled with tears at the fine spectacle that is so rare an event in their lives, and which crowns their summer pilgrimage to the old shrines of their faith.

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## We Camped with Burns

by W. P. Foster

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We camped with Burns upon the mountain-height;  
We read his poems by the pine-knot's light.

The wind roared in the spruce-tops overhead;  
The snow blew through the doorway as we read.

The night was wild, and we had wandered far  
Ere darkness came without a guiding star.

But though our limbs were worn, no breath of care  
Could dull the soul in that pure mountain air.

And he, beset with lifelong toil and wrong,  
Who broke the bonds that bound the feet of song,

And made toil glorious his plow behind,  
Seemed to draw near upon that winter wind.

We felt his deep gaze burning through the storm,  
His voice the blast, the wavering shade his form;

And "Highland Mary," "Tam o' Shanter's" lines,  
Were mingled with the murmur of the pines.

There are some days in life so full and free  
With self-reliant youth and prophecy,

That in all after-time, when we look back,  
They stand like mountain-ranges in the track;

And when life's sun is setting, long they keep  
His splendor lingering on slope and steep.

So seems that day to me, so shines that night  
We camped with Burns upon the mountain-height.

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